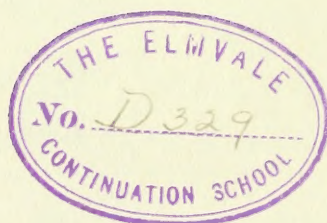



CASSELL'S ANTHOLOGY
OF ENGLISH VERSE
A THREE YEARS'
COURSE FOR SCHOOLS

Edited by
W. J. GLOVER

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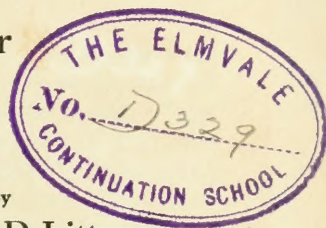




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CASSELL'S ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH VERSE

Edited by
W. J. Glover



With an Introduction by
Sir Henry Newbolt, D.Litt.

*Chairman of the Board of Education Departmental Committee
on "English"; Chairman of the English Association*



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Introduction

BY SIR HENRY NEWBOLT, D.LITT.



THE anthologies of the Victorian Age were, for the most part, collections of gems—that is, of poems selected in accordance with a supposed standard of beauty. Their merit was that they were portable, their demerit that they fostered a false belief about poetry. The times have changed : poems are no longer regarded as jewels to adorn life, but as characteristic expressions of great or sensitive natures, the most lasting record of human experience. The anthologies of to-day are therefore very different from the old ones. They are attuned, as it were, to a single mood or a single purpose, so as to reproduce in the mind of the reader the concentrated experience of many poets. The result is greatly to increase the interest and value of anthologies, for the possible moods or purposes are many, and the vast treasury of our literature is adequate to supply them all. Thus the Oxford Book of Verse gives an historical survey of English poetry, the Call of the Homeland illustrates every mood of patriotism, the Spirit of Man gathers from the poets that which can best strengthen and console. The contents of these books are not isolated gems, they are living words, and their effect is cumulative. They are, each of them, not so much a collection as a symphony.

It is evident that anthologies composed in this way will be very valuable in education, and there are already many designed for this purpose. Their usefulness will depend largely upon the judgment and experience which have gone to their making. The range and variety of English literature is immense, but it is evidently important that poems selected

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for the young should all reach a certain standard of excellence and none be altogether beyond the experience of youth. A child's understanding often goes beyond our belief, but his interest draws a much narrower line, and understanding without interest is not what is desired. In the school anthology, therefore, every poem should be chosen with a clear imaginative reference to the child and the child's age.

The compiler of the anthology before us is a schoolmaster of long and fortunate experience, and his selection has therefore the first and best claim to attention—he knows what poems by what poets will most easily influence children. It is interesting to see that he relies mainly, though not exclusively, upon lyrical poems. There is narrative poetry in the book, but it is only a small proportion of the whole. . . . The selection ranges through a number of authors of minor and even of obscure merit. Side by side with these, such poets as Blake, Tennyson, and Christina Rossetti appear; but, on the whole, Mr. Glover is clearly of opinion that the greater poets have seldom written in moods intelligible to young children. He is certainly right in excluding the majority of the poems written about children; these obviously express feelings and ideas which are not childlike.

The anthology is intended for children from ten to fourteen years of age, and is in three sections. The sections are arranged to form a three-years' course, and the poems in each section are arranged in chronological order. The advantage sought by this plan is, of course, that it enables the teacher to connect poetry with social history; it is to be hoped that it will not tempt him to forget that in poetry the timeless element is the most characteristic and by far the most important. Perhaps Mr. Glover had this point in mind when he decided to make each section of his three-year course cover the whole ground from Shakespeare to the present day. If he had made the chronological arrangement continuous throughout the whole course the children would have

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spent each year in a different historical period, and might have acquired unconsciously the feeling that poetry was something like a fashion in decoration or a development in language. By the plan adopted it should be possible to attain both a sense of unity and a sense of perspective.

The selection of poems for this anthology has evidently been made with great care. Mr. Glover has followed the doctrine of Wordsworth in a famous passage of the *Prelude*, that the young reader must "know where he has friends," and that these friends are more likely to be found among poets of his own generation than among even the greater spirits of a remote past. Whatever may be the range ultimately attained, it is evident that a child will enter more easily into the worlds made for him by the poets of his own time. Mr. Glover's selection passes lightly over the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, dwells a little longer on the eighteenth, and ends by introducing the reader to an unusual number of modern poets. In the anthology one-half the ground is covered by writers whose names come after Tennyson's in the list. The introduction of so large a proportion of modern poetry is beneficial to the teacher as well as the pupil. It will give him the feeling that he is working with a new instrument specially designed for his purpose and shaped to fit his hand.

HENRY NEWBOLT.



Acknowledgments

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W. J. G.



Chronological Contents

CASSELL'S "Anthology of English Verse" has been compiled from the contents of Cassell's three "Senior Books of Verse" with a view to providing a complete three-years' course. The chronological arrangement of each of the books has therefore been retained in order to facilitate period studies of the poems.

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Cassell's Anthology of English Verse

First Year's Course

Under the Greenwood Tree

W. Shakespeare

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

From "As You Like It"

Senior Book of Verse

Music

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

From "Henry VIII"

Character

GOOD name, in man and woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

From "Othello"

Senior Book of Verse

Who is Sylvia?

WHO is Sylvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

From "Two Gentlemen of Verona"

To Gild Refined Gold

TO gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

From "King John"

Senior Book of Verse

Sister, Awake!

English Madrigal, 1604

SISTER, awake! close not your eyes!
The day her light discloses,
And the bright morning doth arise
Out of her bed of roses.

See the clear sun, the world's bright eye,
In at our window peeping:
Lo, how he blusheth to espy
Us idle wenches sleeping!

Therefore awake! make haste, I say,
And let us, without staying,
All in our gowns of green so gay
Into the park a-maying.

The Girl and the Fawn

Andrew Marvell

WITH sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my own fingers nursed;
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blush'd to see its foot more soft
And white,—shall I say,—than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land!

Senior Book of Verse

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet :
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race :—
And when 't had left me far away
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay :
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness :
And all the spring-time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie ;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes :—
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid.

Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed :
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold :—
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without—roses within.

Senior Book of Verse

An Elizabethan Song

WEEP you no more, sad fountains :—
What need you flow so fast ?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste !
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling
A rest that peace begets :—
Doth not the sun rise smiling,
When fair at even he sets ?
—Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes !
Melt not in weeping !
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping !

Queen Mab

Robert Herrick

IF ye will with Mab find grace,
Set each platter in his place ;
Rake the fire up, and get
Water in ere sun be set.
Wash your pails, and cleanse your dairies :
Sluts are loathsome to the fairies.
Sweep your house, who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

Senior Book of Verse

Night

W. Blake

THE sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine ;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.

The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have had delight ;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright ;

Unseen, they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest
Where birds are covered warm ;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm :

If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head.
And sit down by their bed.

Senior Book of Verse

She is Far from the Land

Thomas Moore

This beautiful poem refers to Miss Sarah Curran, who was betrothed to Robert Emmet. He was executed for his share in the unsuccessful Irish risings of 1798 and 1803. She left Ireland at his death.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero
sleeps,

And lovers are round her sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Ev'ry note which he loved awaking ;—

Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him ;—

Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;

They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

T. Dekker

COLD'S the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed !

Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Senior Book of Verse

The Land of Erin

Thomas Moore

A legend tells how, early in Ireland's history, the people, under Brian, their king, were so honest that a beautiful young lady, richly dressed and adorned with jewels, passed alone and unmolested through the land. Moore cast the story into verse.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;
But oh, her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

" Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way ?
Are Erin's sons so good or cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold ? "

" Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm :
For, though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle ;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

Violets

N. P. Willis

I LOVE to go in the capricious days
Of April and hunt violets ; when the rain
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.

Senior Book of Verse

The Fairy Tempter

Samuel Lover

A FAIR girl was sitting in the greenwood shade,
List'ning to the music the spring birds made;
When sweeter by far than the birds on the tree
A voice murmur'd near her, "Oh come, love, with
me—

In earth or air,
A thing so fair
I have not seen as thee!
Then come, love, with me.

"With a star for thy home, in a palace of light,
Thou wilt add a fresh grace to the beauty of night;
Or, if wealth be thy wish, thine are treasures untold,
I will show thee the birthplace of jewels and gold—
And pearly caves
Beneath the waves,
All these, all these are thine,
If thou wilt be mine."

Thus whisper'd a fairy to tempt the fair girl,
But vain was his promise of gold and of pearl;
For she said, "Tho' thy gifts to a poor girl were dear,
My father, my mother, my sisters are here:
Oh! what would be
Thy gifts to me
Of earth, and sea, and air,
If my heart were not there?"

Senior Book of Verse

The Angel's Whisper

Samuel Lover

A BABY was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried. "Dermot, darling, oh! come back
to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"O blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!—
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept for joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with
thee."

Senior Book of Verse

A Fairy's Punishment

J. Rodman Drake

FAIRY! Fairy! list and mark,
Thou hast broken thine elfin chain,
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain.
Now list, and mark our mild decree—
Fairy, this your doom must be:—

Tied to the hornet's shardy wings;
Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings;
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell;
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede;
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your jailer a spider huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie.
Of the worm, and the gnat, and the murdered fly.

Winter

W. S. Landor

SUMMER has doft his latest green,
And Autumn ranged the barley-mows.
So long away then have you been?
And are you coming back to close
The year? It sadly wants repose.

Senior Book of Verse

A Spring Morning

Tom Hood

O LADY, leave thy silken thread
And flowery tapestrie :
There're living roses on the bush,
And blossoms on the tree ;
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some random bud will meet ;
Thou canst not tread, but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom ;
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume ;
There're crimson buds, and white, and blue—
The very rainbow showers
Have turned to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flowers.

There're fairy tulips in the east,
The garden of the sun ;
The very streams reflect the hues
And blossom as they run :
While Morn opes like a crimson rose,
Still wet with pearly showers ;
Then, lady, leave the silken thread
Thou twinest into flowers.

Senior Book of Verse

Lochinvar

Sir Walter Scott

O YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the
best ;

And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.

So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
all ;

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
" Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? "

" I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

Senior Book of Verse

The bride kiss'd the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
“ Now tread we a measure ! ” said young Lochinvar,

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, “ ’Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochin-
var.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear.
When they reached the hall door, and the charger
stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
“ She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby
clan,
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran ;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

Senior Book of Verse

Peasants' Song

S. T. Coleridge

UP! up! ye dames, ye lasses gay!
To the meadows trip away.
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse:
Find grannam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Summer is Gone

Tom Hood

SUMMER is gone on swallows' wings,
And earth has buried all her flowers:
No more the lark, the linnet sings,
But Silence sits in faded bowers.
There is a shadow on the plain
Of Winter ere he comes again.

Senior Book of Verse

Song: "If I Had"

S. T. Coleridge

IF I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own;
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids;
So I love to wake ere break of day;
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while 'tis dark one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

Coming of Spring

S. T. Coleridge

ALL Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their
lair—

The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!

Senior Book of Verse

May

Lord Thurlow

MAY! queen of blossoms,
And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
Shall we charm the hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead?
Or to the lute give heed
In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,
Or pipe or wire;
Thou hast the golden bee
Ripen'd with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters, that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
Tame and free-livers;
Doubt not, thy music too
In the deep rivers;
And the whole plummy flight
Warbling the day and night—
Up at the gates of light,
See, the lark quivers!

Senior Book of Verse

To the Cuckoo

W. Wordsworth

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy loud note smites my ear !
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near !

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing—
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listen'd to ; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still long'd for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

Senior Book of Verse

The Fairies' Reply

F. Hemans

“ **H**AVE ye left the greenwood lone ?
Are your steps for ever gone ?
Fairy King and Elfin Queen,
Come ye to the sylvan scene,
From your dim and distant shore,
Never more ?

“ Shall the pilgrim never hear
With a thrill of joy and fear,
In the hush of moonlight hours,
Voices from the folded flowers,
Faint sweet flute-notes as of yore,
Never more ? ”

“ *Mortal ! ne'er shall bowers of earth
Hear again our midnight mirth :
By our brooks and dingles green
Since unhallow'd steps have been,
Ours shall thread the forests hoar
Never more.*

“ *Ne'er on earthborn lily's stem
Will we hang the dewdrop's gem ;
Ne'er shall reed or cowslip's head
Quiver to our dancing tread,
By sweet fount or murmuring shore,
Never more ! ”*

Senior Book of Verse

A Cradle Song

B. W. Procter

DREAM, Baby, dream !
The stars are glowing.
Hear'st thou the stream ?
'Tis softly flowing.
All gently glide the hours :
Above, no tempest lowers :
Below are fragrant flowers
In silence growing.

Dream, Baby, dream !
These eyelids quiver.
Know'st thou the theme
Of yon soft river ?
It saith, " Be calm, be sure,
Unfailing, gentle, pure,
So shall thy life endure,
Like mine, for ever ! "

Spring

John Keats

AND O and O
The daisies blow,
And the primroses are waken'd ;
And the violets white
Sit in silver plight,
And the green bud's as long as the
spike-end.

Senior Book of Verse

Summer Evening

John Clare

CROWS crowd croaking overhead,
Hastening to the woods to bed.
Cooing sits the lonely dove,
Calling home her absent love.
With "Kirchup! kirchup!" 'mong the wheats
Partridge distant partridge greets

Bats fly by in hood and cowl;
Through the barn-hole pops the owl;
From the hedge, in drowsy hum,
Heedless buzzing beetles bum,
Haunting every bushy place,
Flopping in the labourer's face

Flowers now sleep within their hoods;
Daisies button into buds;
From soiling dew the butter-cup
Shuts his golden jewels up;
And the rose and woodbine they
Wait again the smiles of day.

The Music of the Sea

Tom Hood

NOW, lay thine ear against this golden sand,
And thou shalt hear the music of the sea,
Those hollow tones it plays against the land—
Is't not a rich and wondrous melody?
I have lain hours, and fancied in its tone
I heard the languages of ages gone.

Senior Book of Verse

The Conceited Elf

George Darley

- First Elf.* But where is Nephon ? Who can tell ?
Seventh Elf. How wondrous grand he's grown of late !
Eighth Elf. And walks so high ! and slaps his pate
Ten times a moment, as the state
Of fairyland depended on him,
Or titmice had agreed to crown him.
Third Elf. And takes such mighty airs upon him
As I can witness : 'Twas but now
I challenged him to ride the bough,
When pursing bigly—"Silly thou !
Trouble me not," said he, and stalked
As stiff as if a radish walked
Past me, forsooth !
First Elf. He has not talked
Of anybody but himself
This mortal day.
Second Elf. Conceited elf !
Would he were bottled on a shelf !

Two Rivers

SAYS Tweed to Till—
"What gars ye rin sae still ?"
Says Till to Tweed—
"Though ye rin with speed
And I rin slaw,
For ae man that ye droon
I droon twa."

Senior Book of Verse

The Sea

T. L. Beddoes

TO sea! to sea! the calm is o'er,
The wanton water leaps in sport,
And rattles down the pebbly shore,
The dolphin wheels, the sea cows snort,
And unseen mermaid's pearly song
Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar:
To sea! to sea! the calm is o'er.

To sea! to sea! our white-winged bark
Shall billowing cleave its watery way,
And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
Break the caved Triton's azure day,
Like mountain eagle soaring light
O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
The anchor heaves! The ship swings free!
Our sails swell full! To sea! To sea!

Friday

Sir Walter Scott

THIS is the day when the fairy kind
Sit weeping alone for their hopeless lot,
And the wood-maiden sighs to the sighing wind,
And the mermaiden weeps in her crystal grot;
For this is a day that the deed was wrought,
In which we have neither part nor share,
For the children of clay was salvation bought,
But not for the forms of sea or air!
And ever the mortal is most forlorn,
Who meeteth our race on the Friday morn.

Senior Book of Verse

Dream-Pedlary

T. L. Beddoes

IF there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy ?
Some cost a passing bell ;
Some a light sigh
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
What would you buy ?
A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down,
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.

March

B. W. Procter

MARCH ! A cloudy stream is flowing,
And a hard steel blast is blowing ;
Bitterer now than I remember
Ever to have felt or seen
In the depths of drear December,
When the white doth hide the green.

Senior Book of Verse

Daybreak

H. W. Longfellow

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for
me."

It hailed the ships and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

Senior Book of Verse

February

H. W. Longfellow

THE day is ending,
The night is descending,
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences ;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain.

The Rainbow

H. W. Longfellow

SAW the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered,
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there ;
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

From "Hiawatha"

Senior Book of Verse

A Fancy

H. W. Longfellow

IN his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.
And the fire was slowly dying,
As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,
Soft his eyes as stars in Spring-time;
Bound his forehead was with grasses,
Bound and plumed with scented grasses;
On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine;
In his hands a bunch of blossoms,
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

“Ah, my son!” exclaimed the old man,
“Happy are my eyes to see you.
Tell me of your strange adventures,
Of the lands where you have travelled;
I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder.
When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stone becomes the water!”

And the young man answered, smiling:
“When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Flowers spring up o’er all the meadows,
Singing, onward rush the rivers!”

Senior Book of Verse

“When I shake my hoary tresses,”
Said the old man, darkly frowning,
“All the land with snow is covered ;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild-goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions.
And where’er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the forest
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,
And the earth becomes as flintstone !”

“When I shake my flowing ringlets,”
Said the young man, softly laughing,
“Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild-goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the blue-bird and the robin ;
And where’er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage !”

While they spake, the night departed ;
From the distant realms of Wabun,¹
From his shining lodge of silver,
Like a warrior robed and painted,
Came the sun, and said, “Behold me !”

Then the old man’s tongue was speechless,

¹ *Wa’bun*, The East.

Senior Book of Verse

And the air grew warm and pleasant,
And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the blue-bird and the robin,
And the stream began to murmur,
And a scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently wafted.

And Segwun,¹ the youthful stranger,
More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him ;
It was Peboan,² the Winter !

From his eyes the tears were flowing,
As from melting lakes the streamlets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,
Till into the ground it vanished.

Thus it was that in the Northland,
After that unheard-of coldness,
That intolerable Winter,
Came the Spring with all its splendour,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

¹ Segwun, Spring. ² Pe'boan, Winter.

From "Hiawatha"

Flowers

H. W. Longfellow

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Senior Book of Verse

The Sands of Dee

Charles Kingsley

“**O** MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee;”

The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

“Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drownèd maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in across the rolling foam.
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

Senior Book of Verse

The Bee and the Flower

Tennyson

THE bee buzz'd up in the heat
 "I am faint for your honey, my sweet."
The flower said "Take it, my dear,
For now is the spring of the year.
 So come, come!"
 "Hum!"

And the bee buzz'd down from the heat.

And the bee buzz'd up in the cold
When the flower was wither'd and old.
"Have you still any honey, my dear?"
She said "It's the fall of the year,
 But come, come!"
 "Hum!"

And the bee buzz'd off in the cold.

From "The Foresters"

Forgiveness

Tennyson

O MAN, forgive thy mortal foe,
 Nor ever strike him blow for blow;
For all the souls on earth that live
To be forgiven must forgive.
Forgive him seventy times and seven;
For all the blessed souls in Heaven
Are both forgivers and forgiven.

From "The Promise of May"

Senior Book of Verse

O Swallow, Swallow

Tennyson

“O SWALLOW, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

“O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

“O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

“O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

“Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

“O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown :
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

“O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

“O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.”

From "The Princess"

Senior Book of Verse

The Horns of Elfland

Tennyson

THE splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits, old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory,
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear
And thinner, clearer, farther going,
O sweet and far from cliff and scaur
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky ;
They faint on hill, or field, or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

From "The Princess"

The Dead Warrior

Tennyson

HOME they brought her warrior dead :
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry :
All her maidens, watching, said,
" She must weep or she will die."

Senior Book of Verse

Then they praised him soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe ;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
“ Sweet my child, I live for thee.”

From “ The Princess ”

If Stars Dropped

Christina Rossetti

IF stars dropped out of heaven,
And if flowers took their place,
The sky would still look very fair ;
And fair, earth's face.

Winged angels might fly down to us
To pluck the stars,
But we could only long for flowers
Beyond the cloudy bars.

Senior Book of Verse

Where are the Fairies?

T. Westwood

DO you wonder where the Fairies are,
That folks declare have vanished?
They're very near, yet very far,
But neither dead nor banished.

They live in the same green world to-day
As in bygone ages olden,
And you enter in by the ancient way,
Through an ivory gate and golden.

It's the land of Dreams,—oh! fair and bright
That land to many a rover;
But the heart must be pure and the conscience light
That would cross its threshold over.

The worldly man for its joys may yearn,
When pride and pomp embolden,
But never for him do the hinges turn
Of the ivory gate and golden.

While the innocent child, with eyes undim
As the sky in its blueness o'er him,
Has only to touch the portal's rim,
And it opens wide before him.

And shows him the Dreamland valleys cool,
And the hilltops, blue and airy,

Senior Book of Verse

And each beautiful dell and dingle, full
Of Brownie¹ and Gnome² and Fairy.

And frolicsome Puck³ comes, nothing loth,
And plagues him without pity;
And Cobweb⁴ and Mustard-seed⁴ and Moth,⁴
And little Peas-blossom⁴ pretty.

And Mab, the queen, rides up as well,
Tricked out with elfin graces,
In a chariot made of a filbert shell,
With a spider's thread for traces.

And a team of ladybirds, red and black,—
On each a gnat for postilion,
And two tall footmen-flies at the back,
In suits of green and vermilion.

And she says, "Good child, you shall come and see
The moonbeams build my palace,
And we'll sip together the May-dew free,
From fairy cup and chalice."

Then away they scamper, o'er mead and plain,
With the happy child fast holden—
Oh! it's long ere he passes out again,
Through the ivory gate and golden.

¹ Brown or tawny spirits; fairies are fair.

² Spirits of mischief.

³ The Jester of the Fairy Court; see "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act ii., Scene i.

⁴ Attendants of the Fairy Queen; see "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act iii., Scene i.

Senior Book of Verse

The Fairy Shoemaker

Wm. Allingham

LITTLE Cowboy, what have you heard,
Up on the lonely rath's green mound ?
Only the plaintive yellow bird
Sighing in sultry fields around,
Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee !
Only the grasshopper and the bee ?—
“ Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack too !
Scarlet leather, sewn together.
This will make a shoe.
Left, right, pull it tight ;
Summer days are warm ;
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm ! ”
Lay your ear close to the hill.
Do you not catch the tiny clamour—
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Lepracaun singing shrill
As he merrily plies his trade ?
He's a span
And a quarter in height.
Get him in sight, hold him tight,
And you're a made
Man !

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes. sleep in the hay ;

Senior Book of Verse

How would you like to roll in your carriage,
Look for a duchess's daughter in marriage?
Seize the Shoemaker—then you may!

“ Big boots a-hunting
Sandals in the hall,
White for a wedding-feast,
Pink for a ball.

This way, that way
So we make a shoe;
Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-tack-too!”

Nine-and-ninety treasure-crocks
This keen miser-fairy hath,
Hid in mountains, woods, and rocks,
Ruin and round-tow'r, cave and rath,
And where the cormorants build;
From times of old
Guarded by him;
Each of them fill'd
Full to the brim
With gold!

I caught him at work one day, myself,
In the castle-ditch where foxglove grows,—
A wrinkled, wizen'd, and bearded elf,
Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
Silver buckles to his hose,
Leather apron—shoe in his lap—
“ Rip-rap, tip-tap,
Tack-tack-too!

Senior Book of Verse

(A grasshopper on my cap !
Away the moth flew !)
Buskins for a fairy prince,
Brogues for his son,—
Pay me well, pay me well
When the job is done !”
The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt.
I stared at him ; he stared at me ;
“ Servant, Sir ! ” “ Humph ! ” says he,
And pull’d a snuff-box out.
He took a long pinch, look’d better pleased,
The queer little Lepracaun ;
Offer’d the box with a whimsical grace,—
Pouf ! he flung the dust in my face,
And, while I sneezed.
Was gone !

By permission

Autumn Leaves

J. R. Lowell

WHAT mean these banners spread,
These paths with royal red,
So gaily carpeted ?
Comes there a prince to-day ?

Our earth such homage pays,
So decks her dusty ways,
And keeps such holidays
For one, and only one.

The Fairy King

Wm. Allingham

THE Fairy King was old.
He met the Witch of the wold.
“Ah ha, King!” quoth she,
“Now thou art old like me.”
“Nay, Witch!” quoth he,
“I am not old like thee.”

The King took off his crown,
It almost bent him down;
His age was too great
To carry such a weight.
“Give it me!” she said,
And clapt it on her head.

Crown sank to ground;
The Witch no more was found.
Then sweet spring-songs were sung,
The Fairy King grew young,
His crown was made of flowers,
He lived in woods and bowers.

By permission

Violets

Robert Browning

SUCH a starved bank of moss
Till, that May morn,
Blue ran the flash across—
Violets were born!

Senior Book of Verse

In Fairyland

Wm. Allingham

DAWN

First Fairy

FAIRIES and Elves !
Shadows of night
Pale and grow thin,
Branches are stirr'd ;
Rouse up yourselves ;
Sing to the light,
Fairies, begin,—
Hark, there's a bird !

Second

For dreams are now fading,
Old thoughts in new morning ;
Dull spectres and goblins
To dungeon must fly.
The starry night changeth,
Its low stars are setting,
Its lofty stars dwindle
And hide in the sky.

First

Fairies, awake !
Light on the hills !
Blossom and grass
Tremble with dew ;
Gambols the snake,
Merry bird shrills,
Honey-bees pass,
Morning is new.

Senior Book of Verse

Second

Pure joy of the cloudlets,
All rippled in crimson !
Afar over world's edge
The night-fear is roll'd ;
O look how the Great One
Uplifts himself kingly ;
At once the wide morning
Is flooded with gold !

Chorus of Fairies

Golden, golden
Light unfolding,
Busily, merrily, work and play,
In flowery meadows,
And forest shadows,
All the length of a summer day !

Sprightly, lightly
Sing we rightly !
Moments brightly hurry away !
Fruit-tree blossoms,
And roses' bosoms—
Clear blue sky of a summer day !

Springlets, brooklets,
Greeny nooklets,
Hill and valley, and salt-sea spray !
Comrade rovers,
Fairy lovers,—
All the length of a summer day !

Senior Book of Verse

FORENOON

Enter two Fairies separately

First

Greeting, brother !

Second

Greet thee well !

Hast thou any news to tell ?

How goes sunshine ?

First

Flowers of noon

All their eyes will open soon,

While ours are closing. What hast done

Since the rising of the sun ?

Second

Four wild snails I've taught their paces,

Pick'd the best ones for the races.

Thou ?

First

Where luscious dewdrops lurk,

I with fifty went to work,

Catching delicious wine that wets

The warm blue heart of violets ;

Last moon it was hawthorn-flower,

Next moon 'twill be virgin's bower,

Moon by moon, the varied rose,—

To seal in flasks for winter mirth

When frost and darkness wrap the earth ;

Which wine delights you, fay ?

Senior Book of Verse

Second

All those ;
But none is like the Wine of Rose.
With Wine of Rose,
In midst of snows
The sunny season flows and glows !

THE NOON CALL

Hear the call !
Fays, be still !
Noon is deep
On vale and hill.
Stir no sound
The forest round !
Let all things hush
That fly or creep,—
Tree and bush,
Air and ground,
Hear the call !
Silence keep !
One and all
Hush and sleep !

AFTER SUNSET

(Fairy, playing the Lute, and a faint Chorus)

Moon soon sets now ;
Elves cradled on the bough.
Day's fays drop asleep ;
Dreams through the forest creep.

Senior Book of Verse

When broadens the moonlight, we frolic and jest,
When darkles the forest, we sink into rest,
 Shine, fine star above !
 Love's come, happy love !
 Haste, happy, lovely night,
 Full moon, round and bright !
And not till her circle is low in the west
We'll cease from our dancing, or couch us to rest !
 Lute, mute fall thy strings !
 Hush, every voice that sings !
 Fade away, drowsy song,
 Dim forest-aisles along !
Of all thy dear music a love-song is best !
Thou husheth—we're silent—we sink into rest.

By permission

Rose and Root

J. J. Platt

THE Rose aloft in sunny air,
 Beloved alike by bird and bee,
Takes for the dark Root little care
 That toils below it ceaselessly.

I put my question to the flower :
 “Pride of the Summer, garden queen,
Why livest thou thy little hour ?”
 And the Rose answered, “I am seen.”

I put my question to the Root :
 “ I mine the earth content,” it said,
“ A hidden miner underfoot :
 I know a Rose is overhead.”

Senior Book of Verse

Heigh Ho!

Jean Ingelow

HEIGH ho ! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall !
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds, slender and small !
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups :
Mother shall thread them a daisy chain ;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,
That loved her brown little ones, loved them full
fain ;
Sing, " Heart, thou art wide, though the house be but
narrow "—
Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips they bend and they bow ;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now !

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils stately and tall ;
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall ;
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its
measure—
God, that is over us all.

The Procession of Flowers

Sydney Dobell

FIRST came the primrose,
On the bank, high,
Like a maiden looking forth
From the window of a tower
When the battle rolls below,
So look'd she,
And saw the storms go by.

Then came the wind-flower
In the valley left behind,
As a wounded maiden, pale
With purple streaks of woe,
When the battle has roll'd by,
Wanders to and fro,
So totter'd she,
Dishevell'd in the wind.

Then came the daisies,
On the first of May,
Like a banner'd show's advance,
While the crowd runs by the way,
With ten thousand flowers they came
Trooping through the fields.
As a happy people come,
So came they,
As a happy people come
When the war has roll'd away,
With dance and tabor, dance and drum,
And all make holiday.

Senior Book of Verse

Then came the cowslip,
Like a dancer in the fair,
She spread her little mat of green,
And on it danced she,
With a fillet bound about her brow,
A golden fillet round her brow,
And rubies in her hair.

The Cowslips

Sydney Dobell

FIRST, a golden stranger, meek and lone,
Then the vanward of a fairy host
Following the nightingales,
Bashful and bold, in sudden troops and bands,
Takes the willowy depths of all the dales,
And, on unsuspected nights,
Makes vantage-ground of mounts and heights
Till, ere one knew, a south wind blew,
And a fond invasion holds the fields !
Over the shadowy meadowy season, up and down
from coast to coast,
A pigmy folk, a yellow-haired people stands,
Stands and hangs its head and smiles.

Senior Book of Verse

Christmas Eve

Eugene Field

OH hush thee, little Dear-my-soul,
The evening shades are falling,—
Hush thee, my dear, dost thou not hear
The voice of the Master calling?

Deep lies the snow upon the earth,
But all the sky is ringing
With joyous song, and all night long
The stars shall dance with singing.

Oh hush thee, little Dear-my-soul,
And close thine eyes in dreaming,
And angels fair shall lead thee where
The singing stars are beaming.

A Shepherd calls His little lambs,
And He longeth to caress them;
He bids them rest upon His breast,
That His tender love may bless them.

So hush thee, little Dear-my-soul,
Whilst evening shades are falling,
And above the song of the heavenly throng
Thou shalt hear the Master calling.

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

A Child's Fancy

Mathilde Blind

“**H**USH, hush! Speak softly, Mother dear,
So that the daisies may not hear;
For when the stars begin to peep,
The pretty daisies go to sleep.

“See, Mother, round us on the lawn;
With soft white lashes closely drawn,
They've shut their eyes so golden-gay,
That looked up through the long, long day.

“But now they're tired of all the fun—
Of bees and birds, of wind and sun
Playing their game at hide-and-seek;—
Then very softly let us speak.”

A myriad stars above the child
Looked down from heaven and sweetly smiled
But not a star in all the skies
Beamed on him with his Mother's eyes.

She stroked his curly chestnut head,
And whispering very softly, said,
“I'd quite forgotten they might hear;
Thank you for that reminder, dear.”

Senior Book of Verse

The Reason

E. W. Wilcox

DO you know what moves the tides
As they swing from low to high ?

'Tis the love, love, love,

Of the moon within the sky.

Oh ! they follow where she guides,

Do the faithful-hearted tides.

Do you know what moves the earth

Out of winter into spring ?

'Tis the love, love, love,

Of the sun, the mighty king.

Oh ! the rapture that finds birth

In the kiss of sun and earth !

By permission

Spring Goeth all in White

Robert Bridges

SPRING goeth all in white
Crowned with milk-white may :

In fleecy flocks of light

O'er heaven the white clouds stray :

White butterflies in the air :

White daisies prank the ground :

The cherry and hoary pear

Scatter their snow around.

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

First Spring Morning

A CHILD'S POEM

Robert Bridges

LOOK! Look! the spring is come:
O feel the gentle air,
That wanders thro' the boughs to burst
The thick buds everywhere!
The birds are glad to see
The high unclouded sun:
Winter is fled away, they sing,
The gay time is begun.

Adown the meadows green
Let us go dance and play,
And look for violets in the lane,
And ramble far away
To gather primroses,
That in the woodland grow,
And hunt for oxlips, or if yet
The blades of bluebells show.

There the old woodman gruff
Hath half the coppice cut,
And weaves the hurdles all day long
Beside his willow hut.
We'll steal on him, and then
Startle him, all with glee
Singing our song of winter fled
And summer soon to be.

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

Baby Song

E. Nesbit

I

SLEEP, baby, sleep !
The greeny glow-worms creep,
The pigeons to their cote are gone,
And, to their fold, the sheep.
Rest, baby, rest !
The sun sinks in the west,
The daisies all have gone to sleep,
The birds are in the nest.
Sleep, baby, sleep !
The sky grows dark and deep,
The stars watch over all the world,
God's angels guard thy sleep.

II

Wake, baby dear !
The good, glad morning's here,
The dove is cooing soft and low,
The lark sings loud and clear.
Wake, baby wake !
Long since the day did break,
The daisy buds are all uncurled,
The sun laughs in the lake.
Wake, baby dear !
Thy mother's waiting near,
And love, and flowers, and birds, and sun,
And all things bright and dear.

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

Crocuses

George Cotterell

YELLOW and purple and white,
Snow-white and lilac and gold,
Crocuses, my crocuses,
Peering up from the mould.

Last year, last month, last week,
My patch of garden was bare,
No glimmer of green or gleam of gold
Or sign of life was there.

It was only this morning early
That Spring came by this way,
And the gifts she leaves for a token
Were only mine to-day.

She delayed and delayed her coming,
For March was fierce and strong;
The bitter wind of his fury
Kept Winter here too long.

But at last this golden morning
Stirred every patient wing,
And down the shaft of a sunbeam
Glided the gentle Spring.

An extract from "Yesterday and To-day"

Senior Book of Verse

The Scarecrow

Michael Franklin

A SCARECROW stood in a field one day,
 Stuffed with straw,
 Stuffed with hay;
He watched the folk on the king's highway,
But never a word said he.

Much he saw but naught did heed,
 Knowing not night,
 Knowing not day,
For, having naught, did nothing heed,
And never a word said he.

A little grey mouse had made its nest,
 Oh so wee,
 Oh so grey,
In the sleeve of a coat that was poor Tom's best,
But the scarecrow naught said he.

His hat was the home of a small jenny wren.
 Ever so sweet,
 Ever so gay,
A squirrel had put by his fear of men
And hissed him, but naught heeded he.

Ragged old man, I love him well,
 Stuffed with straw,
 Stuffed with hay,
Many's the tale that he could tell,
But never a word says he.

By permission, from "Poetry Review"

Senior Book of Verse

The Cuckoo

Katharine Tynan Hinkson

HIS voice runs before me ; I follow ; it flies ;
It is now in the meadow and now in the skies ;
So blithesome, so lightsome ; now distant, now here ;
And when he calls " Cuckoo ! " the summer is near.

He calls back the roses, red roses, that went
At the first blast of winter, so red and forespent,
With the dew in their bosoms, young roses and dear.
And when he calls " Cuckoo ! " the summer is near.

I would twine him a gold cage, but what would he do
For his world of the emerald, his bath in the blue ?
And his wee feathered comrades to make him good
cheer ?

And when he calls " Cuckoo ! " the summer is near.

Now, blackbird, give over your harping of gold !
Brown thrush and green linnet, your music withhold !
The flutes of the forest are silver and clear,
But when he calls " Cuckoo ! " the summer is here.

By permission

The Early Morning

Hilaire Belloc

THE moon on the one hand, the dawn on the
other :

The moon is my sister, the dawn is my brother.
The moon on my left and the dawn on my right,
My brother, good morning : my sister, good night.

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

Sherwood

Alfred Noyes

SHERWOOD in the twilight, is Robin Hood
awake ?

Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the
brake ;

Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy
horn.

Robin Hood is here again : all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note, shivering through the
leaves,

Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June ;
All her wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon ;
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold ;
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting
spray

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs ;
Love is in the greenwood ; dawn is in the skies ;
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Senior Book of Verse

Hark ! the dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep :
Marian is waiting : is Robin Hood asleep ?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and grey goose
feather ;

The dead are coming back again ; the years are
rolled away

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows ;
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep ?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter
gold,

Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep ?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men :
Doublets of the Lincoln Green glancing through the
May

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day ;

Senior Book of Verse

Calls them and they answer ; from aisles of oak and
ash
Rings the *Follow ! Follow !* and the boughs begin
to crash ;
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to
fly ;
And through the crimson dawning the robber band
goes by.

Robin ! Robin ! Robin ! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves ;
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

By permission

The Snow's Delay

L. Alma Tadema

COME, Winter, come,
And spread thy mantle low
O'er field and lea :
The pods are burst, the seeds have fallen home,
And ask of thee
Their coverlet of snow.

Fall, Winter, fall,
The world has tuned its heart
To white and gray :
While slumbering joy awaits the primrose call,
O hide away
What death has torn apart !

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

The New Moon

Will Ogilvie

“NEW moon to-night,” you will hear them say,
Turning their eyes to the glint of gold :
But this, as you know, is their quaint little way—
For the moon she is centuries old !

She swings like a boat in the darkening sky,
A boat that is gilded from stem to stern.
And “Turn your money !” the old wives cry—
But every moon we have less to turn.

Her cargo has listed astern this trip,
And her bows are above the foam ;
But she ploughs away down in the mists, a ship
That is eager enough for home.

“New moon to-night !” so the people say ;
But the winds that cross her and croon,
They have sung in her silvery sails all day,
And they know her, the old, old moon.

And the pine-trees listen and toss their heads
And laugh in a splendid scorn ;
For the old moon sailed by their cradle beds
Before the speakers were born.

“New moon to-night !” so the people say,
Lifting their eyes to the curve of gold :
But this, as you know, is their quaint little way—
For the moon she is centuries old.

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

The Flowing Tide

G. F. Bradby

DO you hear the noise of waters as they hiss along
the sand ?

Do you smell the salt sea-breeze again that
rushes to the land ?

For the pools are brimming over, and the weary
watch is o'er

And the tide is racing home again across the level
shore.

Look seaward o'er the billows ! from the fountains
of the west

They are coming like an army, they are marching
crest on crest ;

Oh ! the music and the freshness and the pulse of
life once more

When the tide is racing home again across the level
shore !

By permission

The Child Artist

Kate Perugini

I SAT beneath the cherry tree,
And saw the fruit that is to be,
All pure and white—

Yet, with gay touches here and there,
Bright tints that make the tree so fair
And good to see !

Senior Book of Verse

I wondered at the pale sweet blue,
Peeping through leaves of lovely hue,
 Just as it should ;
It might have been a yellow brown
And like the skies above the town
 Where I had been.

Ah, if I could in colour draw
The cherry tree, and with no flaw
 Those hills beyond :—
I'd live a life of beauty rare
Learning the greatness and the care
 Of Nature's hand !

By permission

The Challenge

Fitzjames O'Brien

A WARRIOR hung his plumèd helm
On the ragged trunk of an aged elm,
“Where is the knight so bold,” he cried,
“That dares my haughty crest deride ?”

The wind came by with a sudden howl,
And dashed the helm on the pathway foul,
And shook in scorn each sturdy limb,
For where was the knight that could fight with
 him ?

Senior Book of Verse

Love and Life

Christina Rossetti

IF love is not worth loving, then life is not worth
living,
Nor aught is worth remembering, but well forgot;
For store is not worth storing and gifts are not
worth giving,
If love is not.

The Oxen

Thomas Hardy

CHRISTMAS EVE, and twelve of the clock,
“Now they are all on their knees,”
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearthside ease.
We pictured the meek mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.
So fair a fancy few believe
In these years! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve
“Come; see the oxen kneel
In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,”
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

By permission

Cassell's Anthology of English Verse

Second Year's Course

A Summer Day

Michael Drayton

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
All chequered was the sky,
Thin clouds like scarves of cobweb lawn
Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.

The wind had no more strength than this,
So leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss
That closely by it grew.

The rills that on the pebbles played
Might now be heard at will;
This world the only music made,
Else everything was still.

Senior Book of Verse

Daffodil

Michael Drayton

BATTE

GORBO, as thou camest this way,
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields did stray,
Saw'st thou my Daffodil ?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
Which colour likes her sight,
And never hath her beauty seen,
But through a veil of white ;

GORBO

Thou well describ'st the daffodil :
It is not full an hour,
Since by the spring, near yonder hill,
I saw that lovely flower.

BATTE

But my fair flower thou didst not meet
Nor news of her didst bring,
And yet my Daffodil's more sweet
Than that by yonder spring.

GORBO

I saw a shepherd that doth keep
In yonder field of lilies,
Was making (as he fed his sheep)
A wreath of daffodillies.

Senior Book of Verse

BATTE

But, Gorbo, thou delud'st me still,
My flower thou didst not see ;
For, know, my pretty Daffodil
Is worn of none but me.

To show itself but near her feet
No lily is so bold,
Except to shade her from the heat,
Or keep her from the cold.

GORBO

Through yonder vale as I did pass,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass,
They call her Daffodil :

Whose presence, as along she went,
The pretty flowers did greet,
As though their heads they downward bent
With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
From top of every hill,
Unto the valleys loud did cry,
There goes sweet Daffodil.

BATTE

Ay, gentle shepherd, now with joy
Thou all my flocks dost fill,
That's she alone, kind shepherd boy ;
Let us to Daffodil.

Senior Book of Verse

Puck and the Fairy

Shakespeare

PUCK. How now, spirit ! whither wander you ?

Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moony sphere ;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs¹ upon the green :
The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
In their gold coats spots you see ;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours :
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits : I'll be gone :
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night ;
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king ;
She never had so sweet a changeling :
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild :
But she, perforce, withholds the lovèd boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy :
And now they never meet in grove, or green,

¹ The fairy rings.

Senior Book of Verse

By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square ; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

Fairy. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Goodfellow : are you not he
That fright the maidens of the villagery ;
Skim milk ; and sometimes labour in the quern ;
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn ;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm ;
Mislead night wanderers, laughing at their harm ?
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck :
Are not you he ?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright,

I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile,
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab² ;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
Then slip I from her, and down topples she,
And *taylor*³ cries, and falls into a cough ;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy ! here comes Oberon.

² Crab-apple.

³ A ludicrous expression made by one who falls and sits as a tailor squats.

From " A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Senior Book of Verse

Spring

Drummond of Hawthornden

SWEET Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly
train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with
flow'rs ;
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for very joy in pearls weep down their
show'rs,
Sweet Spring, thou com'st.

To Blossoms

Robert Herrick

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a-while
To blush and gently smile ;
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night ?
'Twas pity Nature brought you forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

Senior Book of Verse

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride
Like you, a-while, they glide
Into the grave.

To Daffodils

Robert Herrick

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.
We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Senior Book of Verse

To Meadows

Robert Herrick

YE have been fresh and green,
Ye have been filled with flowers ;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.

Ye have beheld how they
With wicker arks did come
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round,
Each maiden, like a Spring,
With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here
Whose silvery feet did tread,
And with dishevelled hair
Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone.

Senior Book of Verse

Epitaph

Robert Herrick

HERE a solemn fast we keep,
While all beauty lies asleep :
Hushed be all things, no noise here
But the toning of a tear ;
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering.

A Letter

Matthew Prior

MY noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my first epistle beg ye,
At dawn of morn and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to Heaven.
In double duty say your prayer :
Our Father first, then *Notre Père*.

And, dearest child ! along the day,
In everything you do and say,
Obey and please my lord and lady,
So God shall love and angels aid ye.

If to these precepts you attend,
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

Senior Book of Verse

To Spring

William Blake

O THOU with dewy locks, who lookest down
Through the clear windows of the morning,
turn

Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring !

The hills tell one another, and the listening
Valleys hear ; all our longing eyes are turned
Up to thy bright pavilions : issue forth
And let thy holy feet visit our clime !

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumèd garments : let us taste
Thy morn and evening breath ; scatter thy pearls
Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers ; pour
Thy soft kisses on her bosom ; and put
Thy golden crown upon her languish'd head,
Whose modest tresses are bound up for thee.

The Lass o' Gowrie

Lady Nairne

'TWAS on a simmer's afternoon,
A wee afore the sun gaed down,
A lassie wi' a braw new gown
Cam' owre the hills to Gowrie.

Senior Book of Verse

The rose-bud wash'd in simmer's shower,
Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bower ;
But Kitty was the fairest flower
That e'er was seen in Gowrie.

To see her cousin she cam' there,
An' oh ! the scene was passing fair ;
For what in Scotland can compare
Wi' the Carse o' Gowrie ?
The sun was setting on the Tay,
The blue hills melting into grey,
The mavis and the blackbird's lay
Were sweetly heard in Gowrie.

O lang the lassie I had woo'd,
An' truth and constancy had vow'd,
But could na speed wi' her I lo'ed,
Until she saw fair Gowrie.
I pointed to my father's ha',
Yon bonnie bield ayont the shaw,
Sae loun' that there nae blast could blaw,
Wad she no bide in Gowrie ?

Her faither was baith glad and wae ;
Her mither she wad naething say ;
The bairnies thocht thay wad get play,
If Kitty gaed to Gowrie.
She whiles did smile, she whiles did greet,
The blush and tear were on her check—
She naething said, an' hung her head ;
But now she's Leddy Gowrie.

Senior Book of Verse

Albert Græme

Sir Walter Scott

IT was an English ladye bright,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall ;
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all.

That wine she had not tasted well,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all !

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall :—
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all !

Senior Book of Verse

And then he took the Cross divine,
(Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And died for her sake in Palestine,
So Love was still the lord of all.

Will Spring Return?

Scott

WILL spring return?

And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?
Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.
To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;
The genial call dead Nature hears
And in her glory reappears.

Twilight's Home

L. T. Beddoes

SEE, here's a bower

Of eglantine with honeysuckles woven,
Where not a spark of prying light creeps in.
So closely do the sweets enfold each other:
'Tis twilight's home.

Senior Book of Verse

In Spring

William Wordsworth

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd ;
Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
But the least motion which they made,
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If I these thoughts may not prevent,
If such be of my creed the plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man ?

Senior Book of Verse

The Daffodils

William Wordsworth

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vale and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
The waves beside them danced ; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company.
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

Field Flowers

Thomas Campbell

YE field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis
true :
Yet, wildings of nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to Summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with faery delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

Senior Book of Verse

The Elfin Pedlar

George Darley

LADY and gentlemen fays, come buy !
No pedlar has such a rich packet as I.

Who wants a gown
Of purple fold,
Embroidered down
The seams with gold ?
See here !—a Tulip richly laced
To please a royal fairy's taste !

Who wants a cap
Of crimson grand ?
By great good hap
I've one on hand ;
Look, sir !—a Cockscornb, flowering red,
'Tis just the thing, sir, for your head !

Who wants a frock
Of vestal hue ?
Or snowy smock ?—
Fair maid, do you ?
O me !—a Ladysmock so white !
Your bosom's self is not more bright !

Who wants to sport
A slender limb ?
I've every sort
Of hose for him :
Both scarlet, striped, and yellow ones,
This Woodbine makes such pantaloons.

Senior Book of Verse

Who wants—(hush ! hush !)
A box of paint ?
'Twill give a blush
Yet leave no taint :
This Rose with natural rouge is fill'd,
From its own dewy leaves distill'd.

Then, lady and gentlemen fays, come buy !
You never will meet such a merchant as I !

The Elf Toper

George Darley

EACH twilight-come
At beetle-drum
For nectar he a-hunting goes,
The twisted bine
He stoops for wine,
Or sups it fresh from off the rose.

From night to morn
His amber horn
He fills at every honey-fountain,
And draineth up
Each flowery cup
That brims with balm on mead or mountain.

Senior Book of Verse

The Fugitives

Percy Bysshe Shelley

THE waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing—
Away !

The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minster bells ringing—
Come away !

The earth is like ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion :
Bird, beast, man and worm,
Have crept out of the storm—
Come away !

“ Our boat has one sail,
And the helmsman is pale ;—
A bold pilot I trow,
Who should follow us now,”
Shouted He—

And She cried : “ Ply the oar,
Put off gaily from shore ! ”
As she spoke, bolts of death,
Mixed with hail, specked their path
O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower, and rock,
The blue beacon-cloud broke,
Though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flashed fast
From the lee.

Senior Book of Verse

“And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou ?
And see'st thou, and hear'st thou ?
And drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea
I and thou ? ”

One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover—
Their blood beats one measure,
They murmur proud pleasure
Soft and low ;—
While around the lashed ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered and shifted,
To and fro.

In the court of the fortress,
Beside the pale portress,
Like a bloodhound well beaten
The bridegroom stands, eaten
By shame :

On the topmost watch turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the gray tyrant father,
To his voice the mad weather
Seems tame ;

And with curses as wild
As e'er clung to child,
He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest, and last
Of his name !

Senior Book of Verse

Autumn

P. B. Shelley

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is
wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are
dying,
And the year
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array ;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the year ;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling ;
Come, months, come away ;
Put on white, black, and grey,
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

Senior Book of Verse

Ruth

Tom Hood

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd ;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest, none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim ;
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks :—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean ;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

Senior Book of Verse

The Thrush's Nest

John Clare

WITHIN a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a molehill, large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns to sunrise, while I drank the sound
With joy ; and often, an intruding guest,
I watched her secret toil from day to day—
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay ;
And by-and-by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over, shells of greeny blue ;
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
A brood of Nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

The Beanfield

John Clare

A BEANFIELD in blossom smells as sweet
As Araby, or groves of orange flowers ;
Black-eyed and white, and feathered to one's fee
How sweet they smell in morning's dewy hours.
When seething night is left upon the flowers,
Another morn's sun shines brightly o'er the field.
The bean bloom glitters in the gems of showers.
And sweet the fragrance which the union yields
To battered footpaths crossing o'er the fields.

Senior Book of Verse

Song

H. W. Longfellow

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest ;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care ;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt ;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest ;
The bird is safest in its nest ;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky ;
To stay at home is best.

The Brook

Longfellow

LAUGH of the mountain ! lyre of bird and tree !
Pomp of the meadow ! mirror of the morn !
The soul of April, unto whom are born
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee !

The Reaper and the Flowers

Longfellow

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair ? ” saith he ;
“ Have nought but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again . ”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord has need of these flowerets gay , ”
The Reaper said, and smiled ;
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child .

“ They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear . ”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she would find them all again
In the fields of light above .

Senior Book of Verse

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

A Day of Sunshine

Longfellow

O GIFT of God ! O perfect day :
Whereon shall no man work, but play ;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be !
I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies ;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.
And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon.
Blow, winds ! and waft through all the rooms
The snowflakes of the cherry-blooms !
Blow, winds ! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach.
O Life and Love ! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song !
O heart of man ! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free ?

Senior Book of Verse

Sun-down

Longfellow

THE summer sun is sinking low ;
Only the tree-tops redden and glow ;
Only the weather-cock on the spire
Of the village church is a flame of fire ;
All is in shadow below.

Curfew

Longfellow

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers
And put out the light ;
Toil comes with the morning
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire,
Sound fades into silence,—
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall !
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.

Senior Book of Verse

Flowers

Longfellow

WONDROUS truths and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above ;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of His love.

A Child's Thought of God

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

THEY say that God lives very high ;
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God ; and why ?

And if you dig down in the mines
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place :

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lips her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night, and said,
“ Who kissed you through the dark, dear
guesser ? ”

Senior Book of Verse

The Great God Pan

E. B. Browning

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river ?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoof of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river ;
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river ;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel, at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan
(How tall it stood in the river !),
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sate by the river.

Senior Book of Verse

“ This is the way,” laughed the great god Pan
 (Laughed while he sate by the river),
“ The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed.”
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
 He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan !
 Piercing sweet by the river !
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
 Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
 To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man :
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed which grows never more again
 As a reed with the reeds in the river.

Sunset

E. B. Browning

WHEN the pilgrim Sun is travelling o'er
 The last blue hill, to gild a distant shore,
He leaves a freshness in the evening scene
That tells creation where his steps have been.

Senior Book of Verse

A Thought

E. B. Browning

EARTH is crammed with Heaven,
And every bush afire with God,
But only he who sees
Puts off his shoes.

The Sleeping Beauty

Lord Tennyson

I. THE SLEEP

YEAR after year unto her feet,
She lying on her couch alone,
Across the purple coverlet
The maiden's jet-black hair has grown,
On either side her trancèd form
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl :
The slumbrous light is rich and warm,
And moves not on the rounded curl.

She sleeps : her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart.
The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd
That lie upon her charmèd heart.
She sleeps : on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest :
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

Senior Book of Verse

II. THE ARRIVAL

All precious things, discover'd late,
To those that seek them issue forth ;
For love in sequel works with fate,
And draws the veil from hidden worth.
He travels far from other skies—
His mantle glitters on the rocks—
A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,
And lighter-footed than the fox.

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks :
He breaks the hedge : he enters there :
The colour flies into his cheeks :
He trusts to light on something fair ;
For all his life the charm did talk
About his path, and hover near
With words of promise in his walk,
And whisper'd voices at his ear.

More close and close his footsteps wind ;
The Magic Music in his heart
Beats quick and quicker, till he find
The quiet chamber far apart.
His spirit flutters like a lark,
He stoops—to kiss her—on his knee.
“ Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must be ! ”

Senior Book of Verse

III. THE REVIVAL

A touch, a kiss ! the charm was snapt.
There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks ;
A fuller light illumined all,
A breeze thro' all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
The butler drank, the steward scrawl'd,
The fire shot up, the martin flew,
The parrot scream'd, the peacock squall'd,
The maid and page renew'd their strife,
The palace bang'd and buzz'd and clackt,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dash'd downward in a cataract.

And last with these the King awoke,
And in his chair himself uprear'd,
And yawn'd, and rubb'd his face and spoke,
" By holy rood, a royal beard !
How say you ? we have slept, my lords
My beard has grown into my lap."
The barons swore, with many words,
'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.

Senior Book of Verse

IV. THE DEPARTURE

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old :
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy Princess followed him.

" I'd sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss ;"
" O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep !"
" O love, thy kiss would wake the dead !"
And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapour buoy'd the crescent-bark,
And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

" A hundred summers ! can it be ?
And whither goest thou, tell me where ? "
" O seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there."
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she follow'd him.

Senior Book of Verse

Nothing will Die

Tennyson

WHEN will the stream be aweary of flowing
Under my eye ?

When will the wind be aweary of blowing
Over the sky ?

When will the clouds be aweary of fleeting ?

When will the heart be aweary of beating ?
And nature die ?

Never, oh ! never—nothing will die ;

The stream flows,
The wind blows,
The cloud fleets,
The heart beats,
Nothing will die.

Nothing will die ;
All things will change
Thro' eternity.
'Tis the world's winter ;
Autumn and Summer
Are gone long ago ;
Earth is dry to the centre,
But spring, a new comer,
A spring rich and strange,
Shall make the winds blow
Round and round,
Thro' and thro',
Here and there,
Till the air
And the ground
Shall be fill'd with life anew.

Senior Book of Verse

The world was never made ;
It will change, but it will not fade.
So let the wind range ;
For even and morn
 Ever will be
 Thro' eternity.
Nothing was born ;
Nothing will die ;
All things will change.

Fortune and her Wheel

Tennyson

TURN, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the
 proud ;

Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and
 cloud ;

Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

“ Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown
With that wild wheel we go not up or down ;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

“ Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands ;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands ;
For man is man and master of his fate.

“ Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd ;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud ;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.”

Enid's Song from "The Marriage of Geraint"

Senior Book of Verse

A Lullaby

Tennyson

BEAT upon mine, little heart ! beat, beat !
Beat upon mine ! you are mine, my sweet !
All mine from your pretty blue eyes to your feet,
My sweet.

Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my bliss !
For I give you this, and I give you this !
And I blind your pretty blue eyes with a kiss !
Sleep !

Father and Mother will watch you grow,
And gather the roses whenever they blow,
And find the white heather wherever you go,
My sweet.

From "Romney's Remorse."

The Shell

Tennyson

SEE what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well
With delicate spire and whorl.
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design.

What is it ? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

Senior Book of Verse

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill ?
Did he push when he was uncurl'd
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world ?

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand !

To a Child

Charles Kingsley

MY fairest child, I have no song to sing thee ;
No lark could pipe in skies so dull and grey ;
Yet, if thou wilt, one lesson I will give thee
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever ;
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long ;
And so make Life, Death, and that vast For Ever
One grand sweet song.

The Singing Leaves

J. Russell Lowell

I.

“**W**HAT fairings will ye that I bring ? ”
Said the King to his daughters three ;
“ For I to Vanity Fair am boun’ ,
Now say what shall they be ? ”

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand :
“ Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand.”

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red :
“ For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head.”

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle-down,
And among the gold for her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

“ There came a bird this morning
And sang ’neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
‘ Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.’ ”

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn :
“ Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born ;

Senior Book of Verse

But she, like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves."
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, "Thou shalt have thy leaves."

II.

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
"Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf,
I pray you give it me!"

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

"Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page,
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing Leaves
If they grow under the moon?"

Senior Book of Verse

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,

By the stirrup as he ran :

“ Now pledge you me the truesome word

Of a king and gentleman,

“ That you will give me the first, first thing

You meet at your castle gate,

And the Princess shall get the Singing Leaves

Or mine be a traitor's fate.”

The King's head dropt upon his breast

A moment, as it might be ;

'Twill be my dog, he thought, and said,

“ My faith I plight to thee.”

Then Walter took from next his heart

A packet small and thin :

“ Now give you this to the Princess Anne,

The Singing Leaves are therein.”

III.

As the King rode in at his castle gate `

A maiden to meet him ran,

And “ Welcome, father ! ” she laughed and cried

Together, the Princess Anne.

“ Lo, here the Singing Leaves,” quoth he,

“ And woe, but they cost me dear ! ”

She took the packet, and the smile

Deepened down beneath the tear.

Senior Book of Verse

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her eyes as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage."

And the second Leaf sang: "But in the land
That is neither on earth nor sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third Leaf sang: "Be mine! be mine!"
And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
"I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
"And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
Together with earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

Senior Book of Verse

A June Day

J. R. Lowell

'TIS Heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.
No price is set on the lavish summer ;
June may be had by the poorest comer.
And what is so rare as a day in June ?
Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays ;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, we see it glisten ;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
The cowslip startles in meadow green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace ;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives ;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

Senior Book of Verse

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing ;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That corn has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other messengers we should not lack ;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing ;
And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing !

O Lady, thy Lover is Dead

Geo. Macdonald

“ **O** LADY, thy lover is dead,” they cried ;
“ He is dead, but hath slain the foe ;
He hath left his name to be magnified
In a song of wonder and woe.”

“ Alas ! I am well repaid,” said she,
“ With a pain that stings like joy ;
For I feared, from his tenderness to me,
That he was but a feeble boy.

“ Now I shall hold my head on high,
The queen among my kind,
If ye hear a sound, 'tis only a sigh
For a glory left behind.”

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

The Forsaken Merman

Matthew Arnold

COME, dear children, let us away :
Down and away below !

Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shorewards blow,
Now the salt tides seawards flow ;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray
Children dear, let us away !
This way, this way !

Call her once before you go,
Call once yet !

In a voice that she will know :

“ Margaret ! Margaret ! ”

Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear :
Children's voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again !
Call her once and come away.

This way, this way !

“ Mother dear, we cannot stay !

The wild white horses foam and fret.”

Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down,
Call no more.

One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore,
Then come down !

She will not come though you call all day.
Come away, come away !

Senior Book of Verse

Children, dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep ;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and ay ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea ;
She said : " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, Merman ! here with thee."

Senior Book of Verse

I said : " Go up, dear heart, through the waves ;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
" Long prayers," I said, " in the world they say ;
Come ! " I said, and we rose through the surf in the
bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white walled
town ;

Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.

From the church came a murmur of folk at their
prayers,

But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.

We climbed on the graves, on the stones, worn with
rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded
panes.

She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear :

" Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here.

Dear heart," I said, " we are long alone ;

The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."

But, ah ! she gave me never a look,

For her eyes were sealed to the holy book !

Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.

Come away, children, call no more !

Come away, come down, call no more.

Senior Book of Verse

Down, down, down,
Down to the depths of the sea !
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings : “ O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its
toy :
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy
well :
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun.”
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children ;
Come, children, come down.
The hoarse wind blows colder ;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber

Senior Book of Verse

When the gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing : " Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she !
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."
But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low :
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom,
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town,
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down,
Singing : " There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she !
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

Senior Book of Verse

Up-hill

Christina Rossetti

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way ?
Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
Yea, beds for all who come.

Winter

T. B. Read

WINDS are swelling
Round our dwelling,
All day telling
Us their woe ;
And at vesper
Frosts grow crisper,
As they whisper
Of the snow.

Senior Book of Verse

Longing for Home

Jean Ingelow

A SONG of a boat :—

There was once a boat on a billow :
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtsying over the billow,
I marked her course till a dancing mote
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home ;
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short :—
My boat you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.

Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me—

Ah me !

A song of a nest :—

There was once a nest in a hollow,
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim ;
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

Senior Book of Verse

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long :—
You shall never light in a summer quest
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah, happy, happy I !
Right dearly I loved them : but when they were
grown
They spread out their wings to fly—
O, one after one they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me.
My empty nest ?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west ?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed ?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed ?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be :
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—

Ah me !

Senior Book of Verse

The Dove's Answer

Jean Ingelow

ONE morning, oh! so early, my belovèd, my
belovèd,
All the birds were singing blithely, 'as if never they
would cease;
'Twas a thrush sang in my garden, "Hear the story,
hear the story!"
And the lark sang, "Give us glory!"
And the dove said, "Give us peace!"

Then I hearkened, oh! so early, my belovèd, my
belovèd,
To that murmur from the woodland of the dove, my
dear, the dove;
When the nightingale came after, "Give us fame to
sweeten duty!"
When the wren sang, "Give us beauty!"
She made answer, "Give us love!"

The April Month

M. L. Woods

O COME across the hillside, the April month is
here,
The lamb-time, the lark-time, the child-time of the
year,
The wren sings on the fallow,
The lark above the fallow,
The birds sing everywhere.

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

Waiting

Hon. Roden Noel

THEY are waiting on the shore
For the bark to take them home ;
They will toil and grieve no more ;
The hour for release has come.

All their long life lies behind
Like a dimly blending dream :
There is nothing left to bind
To the realms that only seem.

They are waiting for the boat ;
There is nothing left to do :
What was near them grows remote,
Happy silence falls like dew ;
Now the shadowy bark is come,
And the weary may go home.

By still water they would rest
In the shadow of the tree ;
After battle sleep is best,
After noise, tranquillity.

By permission

Good Night

Victor Hugo

GOOD NIGHT ! Good night !
Far flies the light ;
But still God's love
Shall flame above,
Making all bright.
Good night ! Good night !

Senior Book of Verse

In Spring-Tide

Sir Lewis Morris

✓ May
THIS is the hour, the day,
The time, the season sweet.
Quick! hasten, laggard feet,
Brook not delay;
Love flies, youth passes, Maytide will not last;
Forth, forth, while yet 'tis time, before the Spring is
past.

The Summer's glories shine
From all her garden ground,
With lilies pranked around
And roses fine;
But the pink blooms or white upon the bursting trees,
Primrose and violet sweet, what charm has June like
these?

This is the time of song.
From many a joyous throat,
Mute all the dull year long,
Soars love's clear note;
Summer is dumb, and faint with dust and heat;
This is the mirthful time when every sound is sweet.

Fair day of larger light,
Life's own appointed hour,
Young souls bud forth in white—
The world's a-flower;
Thrill, youthful heart; soar upward, limpid voice;
Blossoming-time is come—rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

Say Not . . .

A. H. Clough

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

The Brook

William Canton

OF the Brook the Hazels said,
As they whispered on the brink :
" Was there ever, do you think,
Such a bright and nut-brown maid ? "

Said the Brook : " No shadow grows
On the moorland whence I came ;
All the sky's one sapphire flame,
So I'm sunburnt, I suppose ! " *By permission*

Two Sons

Robert Buchanan

I HAVE two sons, Wife—
Two and yet the same ;
One his wild way runs, Wife,
Bringing us to shame.

The one is bearded, sunburnt, grim, and fights across
the sea ;
The other is a little child who sits upon your knee.

One is fierce and bold, Wife,
As the wayward deep,
Him no arms could hold, Wife,
Him no breast could keep.
He has tried our hearts for many a year, not broken
them ; for he
Is still the sinless little one that sits upon your
knee.

One may fall in fight, Wife—
Is he not our son ?
Pray with all your might, Wife,
For the wayward one ;
Pray for the dark rough soldier who fights across the
sea,
Because you love the little shade who smiles upon
your knee.

Senior Book of Verse

One across the foam, Wife,
As I speak may fall ;
But this one at home, Wife,
Cannot die at all.

They both are only one, and how thankful should we
be
We cannot lose the darling son who sits upon your
knee !

By permission

Scythe Song

Andrew Lang

MOWERS, weary and brown, and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over-word that the Scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below ?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass ;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass ?

*Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep ;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep !
Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing—
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
Hush, ah hush ! and the Scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass !*

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

A Song of the Sea

Eric Mackay

WE love the sea, the loud, the leaping sea,—
The rush and roar of waters—the thick foam—
The sea-bird's sudden cry,—
The gale that bends the lithe and towering masts
Of good ships bounding home,
That spread to the great sky
Exultant flags unmatched in their degree !
And 'tis a joy that lasts,
A joy that thrills the Briton to the soul
Who knows the nearest goal
To all he asks of fortune and of fame,
From dusk to dawn and down to sunset flame,
He knows that he is free,
With all the freedom of the waves and winds
That have the storm in fee.

Autumn-time

J. G. Whittier

THE autumn-time has come ;
On woods that dream of bloom,
And over purpling vines,
The low sun fainter shines.

The aster-flower is failing,
The hazel's gold is paling ;
Yet overhead more near
The eternal stars appear !

Senior Book of Verse

My Gift

Agnes L. Storrie

I HAD a lovely gift to-day
Delivered bright and early,
The heart of it was heavenly blue,
Its edges pale and pearly,

A turquoise set in living gold,
So flawless and so splendid,
It seemed to be of fire and dew
Miraculously blended.

And ere I knew my need of it,
Or had presumed to ask it,
'Twas chosen by a connoisseur
From an imperial casket.

And when along the quickening east
A wave of light was breaking,
'Twas softly laid outside my door,
To greet me on awaking.

A royal gift ! Its only plea
That I should freely take it ;
A summer day, from dawn to dusk,
Perfect as God could make it.

A Child's Sermon

Geo. Macdonald

THE lightning and thunder
They go and they come ;
But the stars and the stillness
Are always at home.

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

Spring Thoughts

Sir Rennell Rodd (Athens, 1890)

MY England, island England, such leagues and
leagues away,
It's years since I was with thee, when April wanes to
May :—

Years since I saw the primrose, and watched the
brown hillside
Put on white crowns of blossom and blush like April's
bride ;

Years since I heard thy skylark, and caught the throb-
bing note
Which all the soul of springtide sends through the
blackbird's throat.

O England, island England, if it has been my lot
To live long years in alien lands, with men who love
thee not,

I do but love thee better, who know each wind that
blows—
The wind that slays the blossom, the wind that buds
the rose,

The wind that shakes the taper mast and keeps the
topsail furled,
The wind that braces nerve and arm to battle with
the world !

Senior Book of Verse

I love thy moss-deep grasses, thy great untortured
trees,

The cliffs that wall thy havens, the weed-scents of
thy seas,

The dreamy river reaches, the quiet English homes,
The milky path of sorrel down which the springtide
comes.

O land so loved through length of years, so tended
and caressed,

The land that never stranger wronged nor foeman
dared to waste,

Remember those thou speedest forth round all the
world to be

Thy witness to the nations, thy warders on the sea !

And keep for those who leave thee and find no better
place

The olden smile of welcome, the unchanged mother-
face.

By permission

God-Sense

John Oxenham

GOD grant you,
In the common ways of life,

Good common-sense !

And in the larger things,

Uncommon sense !

And, in the greatest things of all,

His own God-sense !

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

To the Motherland

Katharine Tynan Hinkson

I HEARD them talking and praising the grey French
country,

Dotted with red roofs high and steep,
With just one grey stone church tower keeping sentry
Over the quiet dead asleep.

Grey skies and greyer dunes, as grey as duty,
Grey sands where grey gulls flew.

And I said in my passionate heart, they know not
beauty,

Beloved, who know not you.

I heard them praise the gold of the stormy sunset
And the pale moon's path on the sea ;

I thought of your clouds with their wild magnificent
onset,

Your eagles screaming free.

I thought of your mild kind mountains, angel-
bosomed,

Quiet in dusk and dew.

What flower of beauty that ever in Paradise blos-
somed,

Love, was denied to you ?

I thought of the pale green dawns, and gold day's
closes ;

Dear, I shall not forget

Nights when your skies were full of the flying roses,
Millions and millions yet.

Senior Book of Verse

All your still lakes and your rivers broad and gracious,
Dear mountain glens I knew ;
When the trump of judgment sounds and the world's
in ashes,
I shall remember you.

Remember ! foretaste of heaven you are, O mother !
By bog-lands, brown and bare,
Where every little pool is the blue sky's brother,
Your wild larks spring in the air.
Land of my heart ! smiling I heard their praises,
Smiling and sighing too.
I would give this grey French land for a handful of
daisies
Plucked from the breast of you.

By permission

In the Train

J. Thomson

AS we rush, as we rush in the Train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above the plain
Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,
The silver doves of the forest of Night,
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear ;
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet !
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,
While the Earth slips from our feet !

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

In Cuckoo-Month

Alfred Austin

HARK! Spring is coming. Her herald sings,
Cuckoo!

The air resounds and the woodland rings, Cuckoo!
Cuckoo!

Leave the milking pail and the mantling cream,
And down by the meadow, and up by the stream,
Where movement is music and life a dream,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

Away with old Winter's frowns and fears, Cuckoo!
Cuckoo!

Now May with a smile dries April's tears, Cuckoo!
When the bees are humming in bloom and bud,
And the kine sit chewing the moist green cud,
In the month when sings the cuckoo.

But in warm mid-summer we hear no more, Cuckoo!
And August brings not, with all its store, Cuckoo!
When Autumn shivers on Winter's brink,
And the wet wind wails through crevice and chink,
We gaze at the logs, and sadly think
Of the month when called the cuckoo.

But the cuckoo comes back and shouts once more,
Cuckoo!
And the world is as young as it was before; Cuckoo!
Cuckoo!

It grows not older for mortal tears,
'Tis as young as it was in the bygone years,
When first was heard the cuckoo.

An Extract from "Narrative Poems"

Senior Book of Verse

The Law the Lawyers Know about

H. D. C. Pepler

THE law the lawyers know about
Is property and land ;
But why the leaves are on the trees,
And why the winds disturb the seas,
Why honey is the food of bees,
Why horses have such tender knees,
Why winters come and rivers freeze,
Why Faith is more than what one sees,
And Hope survives the worst disease,
And Charity is more than these,
They do not understand.

By permission

April

J. Addington Symonds

THE soft-cushioned feet
Of the Spring-god are set
Where yew branches meet ;
And the mosses are wet
Under chestnut and thorn,
With blossoms new-born
Of dim violet.

Like stars in the grass
The wind-flowers lie,
And little clouds pass
Far above in the sky ;
Lent lilies beneath
Have broken their sheath
To laugh and to die.

My Ships

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

IF all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well ! the harbour could not hold
So many sails as there would be
If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea,
And brought their precious freight to me,
Ah, well ! I should have wealth as great
As any king who sits in state—
So rich the treasures that would be
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well ! the storm clouds then might frown ;
For if the others all went down,
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be
If that one ship came back to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,
And all the others came to me,
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
With glory, honour, riches, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be
If that one ship came not to me.

Senior Book of Verse

O skies, be calm ! O winds, blow free—
Blow all my ships safe home to me !
But if thou sendest some a-wrack,
To never more come sailing back,
Send any—all that skim the sea,
But bring my love-ship home to me.

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Late Autumn

Sir Rennell Rodd

HEDGE-ROWS withered and sere,
Hardly a leaf on the trees,
Waifs of the waning year
Tossed on a fitful breeze !

Peasant-folk gathering in
The last that the damp earth yields,
Only the rooks to glean
Over the tired fields !

Low cloud-lines hurrying west
Heavy with rain and grey,
Over the brown hill-crest,—
All things passing away.

By permission

The Adventurers

Sir Henry Newbolt

OVER the downs in sunlight clear,
Forth we went in the spring of the year :
Plunder of April's gold we sought,
Little of April's anger thought.

Caught in a copse without defence
Low we crouched to the rain-squall dense :
Sure, if misery man can vex,
There it beat on our bended necks.

Yet when again we wander on
Suddenly all that gloom is gone :
Under and over through the wood,
Life is astir, and life is good.

Violets purple, violets white,
Delicate windflowers dancing light,
Primrose, mercury, moscatel,
Shimmer in diamonds round the dell.

Squirrel is climbing swift and lithe,
Chiff-chaff whetting his airy scythe,
Woodpecker whirrs his rattling rap,
Ringdove flies with a sudden clap.

Rook is summoning rook to build,
Dunnoek his beak with moss has filled,
Robin is bowing in coat-tails brown,
Tomtit chattering upside down.

Senior Book of Verse

Well is it seen that every one
Laughs at the rain and loves the sun ;
We too laughed with the wildwood crew,
Laughed till the sky once more was blue.

Homeward over the downs we went,
Soaked to the heart with sweet content ;
April's anger is swift to fall,
April's wonder is worth it all.

By permission

A May Morning

John Davidson

THE dells are rich with primroses ;
The leas are white with snow of daisies ;
And every streamlet's rim knows this—
It soon will win love's dearest praises

For ever the waves seem murmuring,
“ When are you coming, blue flowery skies ?
When will you shine on us here while we sing,
Sweetly shine with your sunny eyes ?

“ Are you lighting the fairies' gloomy grots,
Delicate, fairy chandeliers ?
Where are you shining, forget-me-nots ?
When are you coming to dry our tears ? ”

“ Summer is coming,” the bee is humming,
Humming with honey-sweet hum
That sweetens the air, for summer is coming—
Coming !—the summer is come !

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

The Raven's Tomb

Walter de la Mare

“**B**UILD me my tomb,” the Raven said,
“Within the dark yew-tree,
So in the autumn yewberries
Sad lamps may burn for me.

“Summon the haunted beetle,
From twilight bud and bloom,
To drone a gloomy dirge for me,
At dusk above my tomb.

“Beseech ye, too, the glow-worm
To rear her cloudy flame
Where the small, flickering bats resort,
Whistling in tears my name.

“Let the round dew a whisper make,
Welling on twig and thorn;
And only the grey cock at night
Call through his silver horn.

“And you, dear sisters, don your black
For ever and a day,
To show how true a raven
In his tomb is laid away.”

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

A Strip of Blue

Lucy Larcom

I DO not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine ;
The orchards and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine,
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free ;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,
A little strip of sea.

Snow

Arthur Symons

THE yellow moon across the clouds
That sliver in the sky ;
White, hurrying travellers, the clouds,
And, white and aching, cold on high,
Stars in the sky.

Whiter, along the frozen earth
The miracle of snow ;
Close covered as for sleep, the earth
Lies, mutely slumbering below
Its shroud of snow.

By permission

The Shepherdess

Alice Meynell

SHE walks, the lady of my delight,
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts ; she keeps them white,
She guards them from the steep ;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks, the lady of my delight,
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap ;
She is so circumspect and right—
She has her soul to keep.
She walks, the lady of my delight,
A shepherdess of sheep.

By permission

Cassell's

Anthology of English Verse

Third Year's Course

Song to Pan

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher

ALL ye woods, and trees and bowers.
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound
Whilst we greet
All his ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great and he is just,
He is ever good and must
Thus be honoured. Daffodillies,
Roses, pinks, and lovèd lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honoured, ever young !
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love

C. Marlowe

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

The Nymph's Reply

Sir Walter Raleigh

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy Love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yield;
A honey tongue—a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy Love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy Love.

Queen Katharine's Trial

Shakespeare

Q. *Katharine.* SIR, I desire you do me right and justice ;

And to bestow your pity on me : for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions ; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you ? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable ;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire
Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy ? What friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged ? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years ; if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught.
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,

Senior Book of Verse

Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The King, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment : Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before. It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful : wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised ; whose counsel
I will implore : if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Cardinal Wolsey. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers ; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause :

Cardinal Campeius. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly : therefore, madam.
It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wolsey. Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Kath.

Sir,

Senior Book of Verse

I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wolsey.

Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge, for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me ;
Which God's dew quench ! Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge.

Wolsey.

I do profess

You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me
wrong :

I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
For you or any.

Q. Kath.

My lord, my lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-
mouth'd ;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility : but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
I do refuse you for my judge ; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,

Senior Book of Verse

To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the KING and turns to depart.*

Campeius. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Henry. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, come into
the court.

Q. Kath. I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*The QUEEN and her attendants leave the Court.*

From "Henry VIII"

Sonnet xcvi

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

Senior Book of Verse

Greatness

'TIS certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
tune,

Must fall out with men too. What the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall : for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer ;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour ; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit.

From "Troilus and Cressida"

A True Knight

. A true knight,
Not yet mature, yet matchless ; firm of word ;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;
Not soon provoked, nor being provoked, soon calm'd.
His heart and hand both open, and both free,
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows ;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath.

From "Troilus and Cressida"

A Good Conscience

WHAT stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted ?

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

From "Henry VI"

Senior Book of Verse

How Sweet the Moonlight

HOW sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
. . . Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

From " The Merchant of Venice "

I Know a Bank

I KNOW a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

From " A Midsummer Night's Dream "

Mercy

WILT thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
Draw near them then in being merciful :
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

From " Titus Andronicus "

Evening Song of the Priest of Pan

J. Fletcher

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course has run.
See the dew-drops, how they kiss
Every little flower that is ;
Hanging on their velvet heads
Like a rope of crystal beads ;
See the heavy clouds low-falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead night from underground,
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapours, fly apace
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures ; where they come
Striking dead both bud and bloom.

Therefore from such danger, lock
Every one his lovèd flock,
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away,
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourself from these,
Be not too secure in ease ;
Let one eye his watches keep,

Senior Book of Verse

While the other eye doth sleep ;
So shall you good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great God. Sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eyelids : so farewell ;
Thus I end my evening's knell.

To Violets

Robert Herrick

WELCOME, maids of honour,
You do bring
In the Spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair,
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies ;
And so graced,
To be placed
'Fore the damask roses.

—Yet, though thus respected,
By and by,
Ye 'do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

Senior Book of Verse

L'Allegro

Milton

HASTE thee, Nymph,¹ and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's² cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides:—
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee
In unprovèd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the sweet briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,

L'Allegro (Italian) = the cheerful man.

¹ Euphrosyne or Mirth.

² Goddess of Youth.

Senior Book of Verse

Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames of amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale³
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Sometimes, with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,

Senior Book of Verse

When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks⁴ sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat;
How Faery Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinched and pulled, she said,
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, crop full, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

⁴ Fiddles.

On the Morning of Christ's Nativity

John Milton

NO war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung,
The hookèd chariot stood

Senior Book of Verse

Unstained with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
And kings sate still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

The stars, with deep amaze
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame

The new-enlightened world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axle-tree could
bear.

Senior Book of Verse

On his Blindness

Milton

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly ask:—But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies: God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts: who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—
They also serve who only stand and wait.

A Vision

Henry Vaughan

I SAW Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright:—
And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved; in which the World
And all her train were hurl'd.

Senior Book of Verse

Going to the Wars

R. Lovelace

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind.
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou too shalt adore ;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

A Winter Song

Robert Burns

CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly ;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early ;
When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely ;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Senior Book of Verse

To Mary in Heaven

Robert Burns

NOTE.—The subject of these exquisite verses was Mary Campbell, with whom Burns fell in love in 1786. He proposed marriage to her and was accepted. Mary went to her home in Ayrshire to prepare for her marriage. On a Sunday in May the lovers parted on the banks of the river Ayr. Burns never saw her again. She died in October. Six years afterwards, when living a wretched life at Dumfries, he wrote this poem, on the anniversary of her death. He composed it early one morning, as through the window of his room he saw a star twinkling

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace:
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!
; Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;

Senior Book of Verse

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care !
Time but the impression stronger makes.
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary ! dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

It's No in Titles

Burns

IT'S no in titles nor in rank ;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest ;
It's no in making muckle mair ;
It's no in books ; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest ;
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest ;
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang ;
The heart aye's the part aye,
That maks us right or wrang.

Senior Book of Verse

The Land o' the Leal

Lady Nairne

I'M wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa'

To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither could nor care, Jean.
The day is aye fair

In the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
And oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.

But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
And joy's a-comin' fast, Jean,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, Jean,
Sae free the battle fought, Jean,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! dry your glist'ning e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, Jean,
Your day it's wearin' through, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

Senior Book of Verse

Now fare-ye-weel, my ain Jean,
This world's cares are vain, Jean,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

Immortality

William Wordsworth

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home !

To England

William Wordsworth

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea ;
Nor, England ! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time ; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire ;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Senior Book of Verse

Lucy

William Wordsworth

I

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and O!
The difference to me!

II

Three years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

Senior Book of Verse

“She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

“The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

“The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

“And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

Senior Book of Verse

III

A slumber did my spirit seal ;
I had no human fears :
She seem'd a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;
She neither hears nor sees ;
Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

Upon Westminster Bridge

(Sept. 3, 1802)

Wordsworth

EARTH hath not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :

This City now doth, like a garment, wear

The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,—
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !

The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

Senior Book of Verse

A Portrait

Lord Byron

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes ;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

To the Moon

Percy Bysshe Shelley

ART thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,—
And ever-changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy ?

Senior Book of Verse

I Stood Tiptoe

John Keats

I STOOD tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds, which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved and finely-tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.

A Thing of Beauty

John Keats

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing,
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall

Senior Book of Verse

From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils,
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

From "Endymion"

The Grasshopper and the Cricket

John Keats

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury, he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there thrills
The cricket song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

Are They not all Ministering
Spirits ?

R. S. Hawker

WE see them not—we cannot hear
The music of their wing—
Yet know we that they sojourn near,
The Angels of the spring !

They glide along this lovely ground
When the first violet grows ;
Their graceful hands have just unbound
The zone of yonder rose.

I gather it for thy dear breast,
From stain and shadow free ;
That which an Angel's touch hath blest
Is meet, my love, for thee.

Nature

H. W. Longfellow

AS a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door.
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please
him more ;—

Senior Book of Verse

So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go,
Scarce knowing if we wished to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we
know.

I Dared to Rest

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

I DARED to rest, or wander
And view the ground's most gentle dimplement.
(As if God's finger touched but did not press,
In making England !) such an up and down
Of verdure,—nothing too much up or down,
A ripple of land, such little hills, the sky
Can stoop to tenderly and the wheatfields climb ;
Such nooks of valleys, lined with orchises,
Fed full of noises by invisible streams ;
And open pastures, where you scarcely tell
White daisies from white dew,—at intervals
The mythic oaks and elm-trees standing out
Self-poised upon their prodigy of shade.

Extract from "Aurora Leigh"

Earth and Heaven

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

EARTH is crammed with heaven,
And every bush afire with God,
But only he who sees
Puts off his shoes.

Senior Book of Verse

The Sleep

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—Ps. cxxvii. 2.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved—sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?—
"He giveth His beloved—sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth His beloved—sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved—sleep."

Senior Book of Verse

His dews drop mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
“He giveth His belovëd—sleep.”

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*—
“He giveth His belovëd—sleep.”

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose,
Who “giveth His belovëd—sleep.”

And, friends, dear friends,—When it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, “Not a tear must o’er her fall!
He giveth His belovëd—sleep.”

Senior Book of Verse

A Portrait

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

I WILL paint her as I see her.
Ten times have the lilies blown,
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear,
Lily-shaped and dropped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encoloured faintly,
Which a trail of golden hair
Keeps from fading off to air.

And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child,—
Though too calm, you think, and tender,
For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled,
Frank, obedient,—waiting still
On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all your things,
As young birds, or early wheat
When the wind blows over it.

Only, free from flutterings
Of loud mirth that scorneth measure—
Taking love for her chief pleasure.

Senior Book of Verse

Choosing pleasures, for the rest,
Which come softly—just as she,
When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,
In a bower of gentle looks,—
Watering flowers, or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,
As a silver stream may run,
Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile, it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are.

And if any poet knew her,
He would sing of her with falls
Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round the hair.

And if reader read the poem,
He would whisper—"You have done a
Consecrated little Una."

And a dreamer (did you show him
That same picture) would exclaim,
"'Tis my angel, with a name!"

And a stranger, when he sees her
In the street even—smileth stilly
Just as you would at a lily.

Senior Book of Verse

And all voices that address her
Softens, sleeker every word,
As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover
The hard earth whereon she passes,
With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, "God love her!"
Ay, and always, in good sooth
We may all be sure HE DOETH."

The Merman

Lord Tennyson

I

WHO would be
A merman bold
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?

II

I would be a merman bold,
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power;
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,
Dressing their hair with the white sea-flower;
And, holding them back by their flowing locks,

Senior Book of Verse

I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
 Laughingly, laughingly ;
And then we would wander away, away
To the pale-green sea-groves straight and high,
 Chasing each other merrily.

The Mermaid

Lord Tennyson

I

WHO would be
 A mermaid fair,
 Singing alone,
 Combing her hair
 Under the sea,
 In a golden curl
 With a comb of pearl,
 On a throne ?

II

I would be a mermaid fair ;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day ;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair :
And still as I comb'd I would sing and say :
 " Who is it loves me ? who loves not me ? "
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall
 Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry sea-bud crown
 Low adown and around,

Senior Book of Verse

And I should look like a fountain of gold
 Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound,
 Over the throne
In the midst of the hall.

III

But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my low-flowing locks,
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks ;
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
On the broad sea-wolds in the crimson shells,
Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
But if any came near I would call, and shriek,
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap
From the diamond-ledges that jut from the dells ;
For I would not be kiss'd by all who would list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea ;
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea ;
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me.

Vivien's Song to Merlin

Lord Tennyson

IN Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers ;
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all ;

Senior Book of Verse

It is the little rift within the lute
That, by and by, will make the music mute,
And, ever widening, slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That, rotting inward, slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping : let it go :
But shall it ? answer darling, answer, no.
And trust me not at all, or all in all.

From "Idylls of the King: Merlin and Vivien"

Song of the Little Maid to Guinevere

Lord Tennyson

LATE, late, so late ! and dark the night and chill !
Late, late, so late ! but we can enter still.
"Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now."

No light had we : for that we do repent ;
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
"Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now."

No light : so late ! and dark and chill the night !
O let us in, that we may find the light !
"Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now."

Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet ?
O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet !
"No, no, too late ! ye cannot enter now."

From "Idylls of the King: Guinevere"

Senior Book of Verse

“Break, Break, Break!”

Lord Tennyson

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!
And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Thoughts

Lord Tennyson

I

MAN am I grown, a man's work must I do.
Follow the deer? Follow the Christ, the King.
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—
Else, wherefore born?

II

Good we are and bad, and like to coins:
Some true, some light, but every one of us
Stamped with the image of the King.

Senior Book of Verse

Spring

Lord Tennyson

NOW fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

From "In Memoriam"

Wanting is—What?

Robert Browning

WANTING is—what?
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant,
—Where is the blot?

Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same,
—Framework which waits for a picture to frame:
What of the leafage, what of the flower?
Roses embowering with nought they embower!
Come then, complete incompletion, O comer,
Pant through the blueness, perfect the summer!
Breathe but one breath,
Rose—beauty above,
And all that was death
Grows life, grows love,
Grows love!

Senior Book of Verse

Songs from "Pippa Passes"

Robert Browning

I

ALL service ranks the same with God :
If now, as formerly He trod
Paradise, His presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we ; there is no last nor first.

II

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn ;
Morning's at seven ;
The hill-side's dew-pearled ;
The lark's on the wing ;
The snail's on the thorn :
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world !

III

You'll love me yet ! and I can tarry
Your love's protracted growing :
June reared that bunch of flowers you carry
From seeds of April's sowing

I plant a heartful now—some seed
At least is sure to strike
And yield—what you'll not pluck indeed,
Not love, but, may be, like !

Senior Book of Verse

You'll look at least on love's remains,
A grave's one violet :
Your look ?—that pays a thousand pains.
What's death ? You'll love me yet !

Home Thoughts from Abroad

Robert Browning

OH, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the fields and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture !
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

Senior Book of Verse

A Thought

From Victor Hugo

TAKE heed of this small child of earth ;
He is great : he hath in him God most high,
Children before their fleshly birth
Are lights alive in the blue sky.

In our light bitter world of wrong
They come ; God gives us them awhile.
His speech is in their stammering tongue,
And His forgiveness in their smile.

“O Wind of the Mountain!”

TO HIS YOUNG WIFE

Thomas Westwood

O WIND of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain,
hear !

I have a prayer to whisper in thine ear :—
Hush, pine-tree, hush ! Be silent, sycamore !
Cease thy wild waving, ash-tree old and hoar !
Flow softly, stream ! My voice is faint with fear—
O Wind of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain, hear !

In the dull city, by the lowland shore,
Pale grows the cheek, so rosy-fresh of yore.
Woe for the child—the fair blithe-hearted child—
Once thy glad playmate on the breezy wild !
Hush, pine-tree, hush !—my voice is faint with fear—
O Wind of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain, hear !

Pale grows the cheek, and dim the sunny eyes,
And the voice falters, and the laughter dies.
Woe for the child ! She pines, on that sad shore,

Senior Book of Verse

For the free hills and happy skies of yore.
Hush, river, hush!—my voice is faint with fear—
O Wind of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain, hear!
O Wind of the Mountain, thou art swift and strong—
Follow, for love's sake, though the way be long.
Follow, oh! follow, over down and dale,
To the far city in the lowland vale.
Hush, pine tree, hush!—my voice is faint with fear—
O Wind of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain, hear!
Kiss the dear lips, and bid the laughters rise—
Flush the wan cheek, and brighten the dim eyes;
Sing songs of home, and soon, from grief and pain,
Win back thy playmate, blessèd Wind, again!
Win back my darling—while away my fear—
O Wind of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain, hear!

By permission

Hearts

Westwood

HEARTS are not for teasing, Lady mine—
Hearts for loving, hearts for firm believing,
For strong hoping, never for deceiving,
Nay, nor yet for teasing, Lady mine.
Hearts are not for scorning, Lady mine—
Hearts for grieving, hearts for bitter breaking,
For fast clinging, never for forsaking,
Nay, nor yet for scorning, Lady mine.
Hearts are all for loving, Lady mine—
Loving—tease me with thine eyes' endeavour,
Scorn me with thy lips, but still, for ever,
Hearts are all for loving, Lady mine. *By permission*

Senior Book of Verse

My Beautiful Lady

T. Woolner

I LOVE My Lady ; she is very fair ;
Her brow is wan, and bound by simple hair :
Her spirit sits aloof, and high,
But glances from her tender eye
In sweetness droopingly.

My Lady walks as I have seen a swan
Swim where a glory on the water shone :
There ends of willow branches ride,
Quivering in the flowing tide,
By the deep river's side.

How beautiful she is ! A glorious gem
She shines above the summer diadem
Of flowers ! And when her light is seen
Among them, all in reverence lean
To her, their tending Queen.

Song

T. E. Brown

LOOK at me, sun, ere thou set
In the far sea ;
From the gold and the rose and the jet
Look full at me !
Leave on my brow a trace
Of tenderest light ;
Kiss me upon the face,
Kiss for good-night.

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

The Prayers

T. E. Brown

I WAS in Heaven one day when all the prayers
Came in, and angels bore them up the stairs
Unto a place where he
Who was ordained such ministry
Should sort them so that in that palace bright
The presence-chamber might be duly dight ;
For they were like to flowers of various bloom ;
And a divinest fragrance filled the room.
Then did I see how the great sorter chose
One flower that seemed to me a hedgeling rose,
And from the tangled press
Of that irregular loveliness
Set it apart—and—" This," I heard him say,
" Is for the Master : " so upon his way
He would have passed ; then I to him :—
" Whence is this rose ? O thou of cherubim
The chiefest ? "—" Know'st thou not ? " he said,
and smiled,
" This is the first prayer of a little child."

By permission

The Attainment

Coventry Patmore

YOU love ? That's high as you shall go ;
For 'tis as true as Gospel text,
Not noble then is never so,
Either in this world or the next.

Senior Book of Verse

The Blackbird's Song

Henry Kingsley

MAGDALEN¹ at Michael's² gate
Tired at the pin;³
On Joseph's thorn sang the blackbird,
"Let her in! Let her in!"⁴

"Hast thou seen the wounds?" said Michael,
"Knowest thou thy sin?"
"It is evening, evening," sang the blackbird,
"Let her in! Let her in!"

"Yes, I have seen the wounds,
And I know my sin,"
"She knows it well, well, well," sang the blackbird,
"Let her in! Let her in!"

"Thou bringest no offerings," said Michael
"Nought save sin."
And the blackbird sang, "She is sorry, sorry, sorry
Let her in! Let her in!"

When he had sung himself to sleep,
And night did begin,
One⁵ came and opened Michael's gate,
And Magdalen went in.

¹ Magdalen, representing one who has sinned.

² The angel on guard at Heaven's gate.

³ Rattled the door-latch.

⁴ *Let her in*=the sound of the bird's song.

⁵ The Lord of Heaven.

Atalanta's Race

William Morris

(Atalanta, daughter of a King, unwilling to marry, decreed that any suitor must run a race with her, and if he failed he should die. This selection describes one of the races. There were many, until at length a victor arrived who wedded Atalanta.)

A HERALD clad in raiment meet
Made ready even now his horn to wind,
By whom a huge man held a sword, entwined
With yellow flowers! these stood a little space
From off the altar, nigh the starting place.

And there two runners did the sign abide
Foot set to foot,—a young man slim and fair,
Crisp-haired, well-knit, with firm limbs often tried
In places where no man his strength may spare;
Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair
A golden circlet of renown he wore,
And in his hand an olive garland bore.

But on this day with whom shall he contend?
A maid stood by him like Diana clad
When in the woods she lists her bow to bend,
Too fair for one to look on and be glad,
Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had,
If he must still behold her from afar;
Too fair to let the world live free from war.

She seemed all earthly matters to forget;
Of all tormenting lines her face was clear,
Her wide grey eyes upon the goal were set,

Senior Book of Verse

Calm and unmoved as though no soul were near ;
But her foe trembled as a man in fear,
Nor from her loveliness one moment turned
His anxious face with fiercest love that burned.

Now through the hush there broke the trumpet's clang
Just as the setting sun made eventide.
Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang,
And swiftly were they running side by side ;
But silent did the thronging folk abide
Until the turning-post was reached at last,
And round about it still abreast they passed.

But when the people saw how close they ran,
When half-way to the starting-point they were,
A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man
Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near
Unto the very end of all his fear ;
And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel,
And bliss unhoped for o'er his heart 'gan steal.

But 'midst the loud victorious shouts he heard
Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound
Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afeared
His flushed and eager face he turned around,
And even then he felt her past him bound
Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there
Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

There stood she breathing like a little child
Amid some war-like clamour laid asleep,
For no victorious joy her red lips smiled,

Senior Book of Verse

Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep ;
No glance lit up her clear grey eyes and deep,
Though some divine thought softened all her face
As once more rang the trumpet through the place.
But her late foe stopped short amidst his course,
One moment gazed upon her piteously,
Then with a groan his lingering feet did force
To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see ;
And, changed like one who knows his time must be
But short and bitter, without any word
He knelt before the bearer of the sword ;
Then high rose up the gleaming deadly blade
Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded place
Was silence now, and midst of it the maid
Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace,
And he to hers upturned his sad white face :
Nor did his eyes behold another sight
Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

By permission

The Wasp

William Sharp

WHERE the ripe pears droop heavily
The yellow wasp hums loud and long
His hot and drowsy autumn song :
A yellow flame he seems to be,
When darting suddenly from high
He lights where fallen peaches lie.
Yellow and black, this tiny thing's
A tiger-soul on elfin wings.

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

The Green Lady

Spring

Sharp

WILD fawn, wild fawn,
Hast seen the Green Lady ?
The merles are singing,
The ferns are springing,
The little leaves whisper from dusk to dawn—
Green Lady ! Green Lady !
The little leaves whisper from dusk to dawn—
Wild fawn, wild fawn !

Wild fawn, wild fawn,
Hast seen the Green Lady ?
The bird in the nest,
And the child at the breast,
They open wide eyes as she comes down the dawn—
The bonnie Green Lady,
Bird and child make a whisper of music at dawn.
Wild fawn, wild fawn.

Wild fawn, wild fawn,
Dost thou flee the Green Lady ?
Her wild flowers will race thee,
Her sunbeams will chase thee,
Her laughter is ringing aloud in the dawn—
O the Green Lady
With yellow flowers strewing the ways of the dawn.
Wild fawn, wild fawn !

By permission

**When the Greenness is Come
Again**

Sharp

THE west wind lifts the plumes of the fir ;
The west wind swings on the pine ;
In the sun and shadow the cushats stir ;
For the breath of Spring is a wine
That fills the wood,
That thrills the blood,
When the glad March sun doth shine
Once more,
When the glad March sun doth shine
When the strong May sun is a song, a song,
A song in the good green world,
Then the little green leaves wax long,
And the little fern-fronds are uncurl'd,
The banners of green are all unfurl'd,
And the wind goes marching along, along,
The wind goes marching along
The good, green world.

By permission

"Give me Blue Flowers"

GIVE me blue flowers
To grace my bowers,
The perfect colour—heaven's own blue,
Sweet violet in emerald set,
And glistening with the fragrant dew ;
Or by the brook
With downcast look
The modest harebell's fairy form.

Senior Book of Verse

The Song of the Thrush

Sharp

WHEN the beech trees are green in the woodlands.
And the thorns are whitened with may,
And the meadow-sweet blows and the yellow gorse
blooms,

I sit on a wind-waved spray,
And I sing through the livelong day,
From the golden dawn till the sunset comes and the
shadows of gloaming grey.

And I sing of the joy of the woodlands,
And the fragrance of wild-wood flowers,
And the song of the trees and the hum of the bees
In the honeysuckle bowers,
And the rustle of showers
And the voice of the west wind calling as through
glades and green branches he scours.

By permission

Midsummer

Matthew Arnold

SOON will the high midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell.
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

Senior Book of Verse

Life and Love

James Thomson

LET my voice ring out and over the earth,
Through all the grief and strife,
With a golden joy in a silver mirth :
Thank God for Life.

Let my voice swell out through the great abyss,
To the azure dome above,
With a chord of faith in the harp of bliss ;
Thank God for Love.

Let my voice thrill out beneath and above,
The whole world through :
O my Love and Life, O my Life and Love,
Thank God for you !

By permission

Song

H. N. Maughan

THERE was a Knight of Bethlehem,
Whose wealth was tears and sorrows ;
His men-at-arms were little lambs,
His trumpeters were sparrows ;
His castle was a wooden cross,
Whereon He hung so high ;
His helmet was a crown of thorns
Whose crest did touch the sky.

From "The Husband of Poverty"

Senior Book of Verse

Before and After Flowering

Philip Bourke Marston

BEFORE

First Violet

LO here ! how warm and dark and still it is ;
Sister, lean close to me, that we may kiss.
Here we go rising, rising—know'st thou where ?

Second Violet

Indeed I cannot tell, nor do I care,
It is so warm and pleasant here. But hark !
What strangest sound was that above the dark ?

First Violet

As if our sisters all together sang,—
Seemed it not so ?

Second Violet

More loud than that it rang ;
And louder still it rings, and seems more near.
Oh, I am shaken through and through with fear—
Now in some deadly grip I seem confined !
Farewell, my sister ! Rise, and follow, and find !

First Violet

From how far off those last words seemed to fall !
Gone where she will not answer when I call !
How lost ? How gone ? Alas ! this sound above me,—
“ Poor little Violet, left with none to love thee ! ”
And now, it seems, I break against that sound !
What bitter pain is this that binds me round,
This pain I press into ! Where have I come ?

Senior Book of Verse

AFTER

A Crocus

Welcome, dear sisters, to our fairy home !
They call this Garden ; and the time is Spring.
Like you I have felt the pain of flowering ;
But, oh, the wonder and the deep delight
It was to stand here, in the broad sunlight,
And feel the Wind flow round me cool and kind ;
To hear the singing of the leaves the Wind
Goes hurrying through ; to see the mighty Trees,
Where every day the blossoming buds increase.
At evening, when the shining Sun goes in,
The gentler lights look down, and dew's begin,
And all is still, beneath the quiet sky,
Save sometimes for the Wind's low lullaby.

First Tree

Poor little flowers !

Second Tree

What would you prate of now ?

First Tree

They have not heard ; I will keep still. Speak low.

First Violet

The trees bend to each other lovingly.

Crocus

Daily they whisper of fair things to be.
Great talk they make about the coming Rose,
The very fairest flower, they say, that blows !
Such scent she hath ; her leaves are red, they say,
And fold her round in some divine, sweet way.

Senior Book of Verse

First Violet

Would she were come, that for ourselves we might
Have pleasure in this wonder of delight !

Crocus

Here comes the laughing, dancing, hurrying rain ;
How all the Trees laugh at the Wind's light strain !

First Violet

We are so near the earth, the Wind goes by
And hurts us not ; but if we stood up high,
Like Trees, then should we soon be blown away

Second Violet

Nay ; were it so, we should be strong as they.

Crocus

I often think how nice to be a Tree ;
Why, sometimes in their boughs the Stars I see.

First Violet

Have you seen that ?

Crocus

I have, and so shall you,
But hush ! I feel the coming of the dew.

NIGHT

Second Violet

How bright it is ! the Trees, how still they are !

Crocus

I never saw before so bright a Star
As that which stands and shines just over us.

Senior Book of Verse

First Violet (after a pause)

My leaves feel strange and very tremulous.

Crocus and Second Violet together

And mine, and mine !

First Violet

O warm, kind Sun, appear !

Crocus

I would the stars were gone, and day were here !

JUST BEFORE DAWN

First Violet

Sister ! No answer, sister ? Why so still ?

One Tree to Another

Poor little Violet, calling through the chill
Of this new frost which did her sister slay,
In which she must herself, too, pass away !
Nay, pretty Violet, be not so dismayed ;
Sleep only on your sister sweet is laid.

First Violet

No pleasant Wind about the garden goes,
Perchance the Wind has gone to bring the Rose.
O sister ! surely now your sleep is done.
I would we had not looked upon the Sun.
My leaves are stiff with pain. O cruel night !
And through my root some sharp thing seems to bite.
Ah me ! what pain, what coming change is this ?

[*She dies.*

First Tree

So endeth many a Violet's dream of bliss

The Invasion

Sir H. Newbolt

SPRING, they say, with his greenery
Northward marches at last,
Mustering thorn and elm ;
Breezes rumour him conquering,
Tell how Victory sits
High on his glancing helm.

Smit with sting of his archery,
Hardest ashes and oaks
Burn at the root below :
Primrose, violet, daffodil,
Start like blood where the shafts
Light from his golden bow.

Here where winter oppresses us
Still we listen and doubt,
Dreading a hope betrayed :
Sore we long to be greeting him,
Still we linger and doubt
“ What if his march be stayed ? ”

Folk in thrall to the enemy,
Vanquished, tilling a soil
Hateful and hostile grown ;
Always wearily, warily,
Feeding deep in the heart
Passion they dare not own—

Senior Book of Verse

So we wait the deliverer ;
Surely soon shall he come,
Soon shall his hour be due .
Spring shall come with his greenery,
Life be lovely again,
Earth be the home we knew.
By permission

To One in Town

Samuel Waddington

COME back, come back, 'tis Nature bids you
come !

Come back once more to tarn and tangled wood, —

Come back to glen, and stream, and torrent flood, —

Come back, and 'mid the woodlands make your
home :

Too long you quit the birds, the flowers, the
dome

Of forest-boughs,—the dell, where once you stood

Life-thrilled, and living knew that life was good ;

Too long you miss the bees, the busy hum

Of painted bodies, and the ceaseless stir

Of wings,—the sounds, the joy, the passing whirr

Of drone, or dragon-fly,—these, these are thine,

And yet you have them not,—what have you
then ?

The dusky shapes, and care-worn ways, of men :

Come back, come back, to Nature and her shrine !

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

Hope, the Hornblower

Sir H. Newbolt

“**H**ARK ye, hark to the winding horn ;
Sluggards, awake, and front the morn !
Hark ye, hark to the winding horn ;
The sun's on meadow and mill.
Follow me, hearts that love the chase ;
Follow me, feet that keep the pace :
Stirrup to stirrup we ride, we ride,
We ride by moor and hill.”

Huntsman, huntsman, whither away ?
What is the quarry afoot to-day ?
Huntsman, huntsman, whither away,
And what the game ye kill ?
Is it the deer, that men may dine ?
Is it the wolf that tears the kine ?
What is the race ye ride, ye ride,
Ye ride by moor and hill ?

“ Ask not yet till the day be dead
What is the game that's forward fled,
Ask not yet till the day be dead
The game we follow still.
An echo it may be, floating past ;
A shadow it may be, fading fast :
Shadow or echo, we ride, we ride,
We ride by moor and hill.”

By permission

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

W. B. Yeats

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and
wattles made :
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the
honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where
the cricket sings ;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple
glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and
day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the
shore ;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements
gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

By permission

A Fairy Funeral

Alfred Noyes

BEAR her along,
Keep ye your song
Tender and sweet and low;
Fairies must die!
Ask ye not why,
Ye that have hurt her so.

*Passing away—flower from the spray! colour and
light from the leaf!*

*Soon, soon will the year shed its bloom on her bier, and
the dust of its dreams on our grief.*

Men upon earth
Bring us to birth
Gently at even and morn!
When as brother and brother
They greet one another
And smile—then a fairy is born!

But at each cruel word
Upon earth that is heard,
Each deed of unkindness or hate,
Some fairy must pass
From the games in the grass
And steal thro' the terrible Gate.

*Passing away—flower from the spray! colour and
light from the leaf!*

*Soon, soon will the year shed its bloom on her bier, and
the dust of its dreams on our grief.*

Senior Book of Verse

If ye knew, if ye knew
All the wrong that ye do
By the thought that ye harbour alone,
How the face of some fairy
Grows wistful and weary
And the heart in her cold as a stone !

Ah, she was born
Blithe as the morn
Under an April sky,
Born of the greeting
Of two lovers meeting !
They parted and so she must die !

*Passing away—flower from the spray ! colour and
light from the leaf !*

*Soon, soon will the year shed its bloom on her bier,
and the dust of its dreams on our grief.*

Cradled in blisses,
Yea, born of your kisses,
Oh, ye lovers that met by the moon,
She would not have cried
In the darkness and died
If ye had not forgotten so soon.

Cruel mortals, they say,
Live for ever and aye,
And they pray in the dark on their knees !
But the flowers that are fled
And the loves that are dead,
What heaven takes pity on these ?

Senior Book of Verse

*Bear her along—singing your song—tender and sweet
and low!*

*Fairies must die! Ask ye not why—ye that have hurt
her so.*

Passing away—
Flower from the spray!
Colour and light from the leaf!
Soon, soon will the year
Shed its bloom on her bier,
And the dust of its dreams on our grief.
By permission

Morning

S. Waddington

NOW o'er the topmost pine,
The distant pine-clad peak,
There dawns a golden streak
Of light, an orient line:—
Phœbus, the light is thine,
Thine is the glory,—seek
Each dale and dewy creek,
And in full splendour shine!

Thy steeds now chafe and fret
To scour the dusky plain:
Speed forth with flashing rein,
Speed o'er the land,—and yet,
Pray, linger in this lane,
Kissing each violet.

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

April

Sir William Watson

APRIL, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter ;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears !
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears.

By permission

Childhood

William Canton

OF all created things the loveliest
And most divine are children. Nothing
here
Can be to us more gracious or more dear,
And though when God saw all His works were
good
There was no rosy flower of babyhood,
'Twas said of children in a later day
That none could enter heaven save such as they.

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

To the Swallow when Departing

James Guthrie

THY path is barred by mountain and sea,
The land of the lotus is singing to thee,
Swallow,
O Swallow, away!

Is there the glint of a star to guide,
A face beaming far, or a hand waving wide?
Swallow,
O Swallow, away!

To thee are the way and the glimmering light,
And thou with my heart and the summer in flight.
Swallow,
O Swallow, away!

By permission

A Glow-worm

Rowland Thirlmere

I HELD a glow-worm in my hand
While the first night of June
Stole the broom's glory, and shed rust
On hawthorn boughs too soon.

There was a gleam of fairy fire
Under a roof of grass,
Near a wild rose-tree, freshly decked
Which would not let me pass.

Senior Book of Verse

I stooped—a wingless insect slipped
Into my palm and lay
Restless—a living lamp—a small
Fragment of vanished day.

By permission.

Sea Fever

John Masefield

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely
sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by ;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song, and the
white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the
running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied ;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds
flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the
sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant
gipsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the
wind's like a whetted knife ;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-
rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long
trick's over.

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

Tewkesbury Road

John Masefield

IT is good to be out on the road, and going one
knows not where,

Going through meadow and village, one knows
not whither nor why ;

Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the
keen cool rush of the air,

Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue
lift of the sky.

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall
green fern at the brink

Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the
foxgloves purple and white ;

Where the shy-eyed delicate deer come down in a
troop to drink

When the stars are mellow and large at the
coming on of the night.

O, to feel the beat of the rain, and the homely smell
of the earth,

Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past
power of words ;

And the blessed green comely meadows are all a-
ripple with mirth

At the noise of the lambs at play and the dear
wild cry of the birds.

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

Evensong

A. C. Benson

THRUSH, sing clear, for the spring is here :
Sing, for the summer is near, is near.

All day long thou hast plied thy song,
Hardly hid from the hurrying throng :

Now the shade of the trees is laid
Down the meadow and up the glade :

Now when the air grows cool and rare
Birds of the cloister fall to prayer :

Here is the bed of the patient dead,
Shoulder by shoulder, head by head.

Sweet bells swing in the tower, and ring
Men to worship before their King.

See they come as the grave bells hum
Restless voices awhile are dumb :

More and more on the sacred floor
Feet that linger about the door :

Sweet sounds swim through the vaulting dim,
Psalm and canticle, vesper hymn.

That is the way that mortals pray :
Which is the sweeter ? Brown bird, say !

Which were best for me ? Both are blest ;
Sing thy sweetest and leave the rest.

By permission

The Soldier

Rupert Brooke

IF I should die, think only this of me :
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
given ;
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

By permission

Recessional

Rudyard Kipling

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet.
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

Senior Book of Verse

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart :
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

Far-called, our navies melt away ;
On dune and headland sinks the fire :
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord !

By permission

Senior Book of Verse

Nod

Walter de la Mare

SOFTLY along the road of evening,
In a twilight dim with rose,
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.

His drowsy flock streams on before him,
Their fleeces charged with gold,
To where the sun's last beam leans low
On Nod the shepherd's fold.

The hedge is quick and green with briar,
From their sand the conies creep ;
And all the birds that fly in heaven
Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,
Yet, when night's shadows fall,
His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,
Misses not one of all.

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,
The waters of no-more-pain,
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,
"Rest, rest, and rest again."

By permission

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